Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2ND 1828. [NUMBER 1973.

RULES AND ORDERS OF THE SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE AT BOMBAY.

CROWN SIDE.

JURY RULES.

WHEREAS by an act passed in the Seventh year of the Reign of His present Majesty Entitled "An act to regulate the appointment of Juries in the East Indies" it is amongst other things enacted that "The respective Courts of Judicature at Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, shall have power from time to "time to make and establish such "Rules with respect to the qualification, appointment, form of summoning, challenging, and service "of Jurors and such other Regulations relating thereto as they may, "respectively deem expedient and "proper," the following rules are made and established by the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay this 5th day of February in the year of our Lord 1828.—

I

QUALIFICATION OF JURORS.

Every man, except as hereinafter excepted, between the ages of twenty one and sixty years who is a resident householder within the Town and Island of Bombay, and occupies any house or tenement of the monthly value of Rupees thirty or of the annual value of Rupees three hundred, or whose property or interest in lands tenements or goods is worth the sum of Rupees three thousand after the payment of his just debts is qualified and liable to serve on Juries.—

II.

EXEMPTIONS.

The Governor, the Members in Council, the Secretaries, the Accountant General and Sub-Treasurer of the Goverment, Clergymen in Holy orders, Priests and dissenting Ministers following no Secular employment except that of a School Master, Barristers at Law, Attornies, Solicitors and Proctors, actually practising, Officers of the Supreme Court, Police Magistrates, and Officers of the Quarter Sessions, Petty Session, and Police, Coroners, and Jailers and Keepers of Houses of Correction, Physicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries actually practising, Officers in His Majesty's Army and Navy on full pay, Officers of the Company's Army, Officers of the Company's Marine holding the Command of, or employed in any Ship or Vessel, persons employed in the Pilot service of the Company, Sheriffs Officers, Constables and Church Clerks, persons not subjects of the King or attained of any Treason or Felony, or Convicted of any Crime that is infamous, unless a free pardon shall have been obtained, persons under outlawry or excommunication, persons disabled from serving by Lunacy or imbecility of mind or by deafness, blindness, or other permanent infirmity, persons who do not understand the English language shall not serve on Juries nor be inserted in the list herein after mentioned.

III.

LIST OF JURYMEN TO BE PREPARED.

The Clerk of the Crown shall within the first week of February in every year issue his Precept to the Sheriff requiring him to prepare and make out before the 1st day of April then next a true list of all men qualified, and liable to serve on Juries as aforesaid, and the Sheriff shall forthwith after the receipt of the said Precept, proceed to prepare and make out such list in alphabetical order containing in separate colums opposite to each persons name his proper style, addition or calling, his place of residence, the Country of his Birth, his religious profession, and his qualification to serve on Juries and the ground of his privilege if any to serve on grand Juries only, provided always that in stating the religious profession of any person, it shall be sufficeint to say Christian, Mahometan, Hindoo or the like without specifying the particular Church or sect of the party, and the Sheriff shall deliver the said list signed by him or his Deputy to the Clerk of the Crown on or before the said first day of April.

IV.

LIST TO BE ADVERTISED.

The Clerk of the Crown shall within the first ten days of the month of April Cause the said list to be published once in a Bombay newspaper in the English and native characters, and Copies of the said list to be affixed to some Conspicuous part of the Court House, with a notice stating that all objections to the List will be heard before the Supreme Court or one of the Judges at Chambers during the months of April and May, and the Clerk of the Crown shall also keep the original list, or a true copy thereof, to be perused by any person at any reasonable time without any fee or reward.

V.

LIST TO BE CORRECTED AND ALLOWED.

If any man not qualified and liable to serve on Juries as aforesaid is inserted in the said list the Court or Judge upon satisfaction from oath of the party complaining, or other proof that he is not qualified and liable to serve will during the said months of April and May order his name to be struck out. The Court or Judge will likewise order to be inserted in such list the name of any man omitted and will likewise order any Errors or Omissions in such list to be reformed, Provided always that no man's name if omitted shall be inserted in such list, nor shall any Error or Omission in the description of any man be reformed unless upon the application of such man, or unless such man shall have had notice that an application for such purpose would be made to the Court or Judge, or unless the Court or Judge shall cause notice to be given to such man requiring him to shew cause why his name should not be inserted in such list, or why any Error or Omission in the description of such man in the list should not be reformed, and the Clerk of the Crown shall forthwith after the expiration of the said month of May attest such list with such correction (if any) recopied if necessary as the List allowed by the Court.

VI.

ASSESSMENT BOOKS &c. TO BE INSPECTED.

The Sheriff or under Sheriff shall for his assistance in completing the list (upon request made by him at any reasonable time to any Collector or Assessor, or to any person having the custody of any Assessment or Book of Assessment or Registry) have free liberty to inspect any such Book or Assessment or Registry, and to make such Extract therefrom as may appear to him necessary and upon order made by the Court or Judge to any such Collector or Assessor or person having the Custody of any Assessment, Books of Assessment or Registry, the same Book, Assessment or Registry shall be produced before them or him at the time and place specified in such order;—and the Supreme Court doth require and enjoin all Justices of the peace and Constables and other Officers employed in the conservation of the Peace and all persons having in their keeping or possession any public Books of Assessment or Registry that for the purpose of enabling the Sheriff and Clerk of the Crown to form and perfect the aforementioned lists they be aiding and assisting unto them.

VII.

JURORS BOOK.

The Clerk of the Crown shall keep the list so allowed among the Records of the Court, and shall cause the same to be fairly and truly copied in a Book and before the end of the month of June shall deliver the said Book to the Sheriff, who on quitting his Office shall deliver it to the succeeding Sheriff and excepting such alterations as at any time upon motion in open Court may be directed by the Court to be made, the said Book so prepared in each year as aforesaid, shall from the 1st of July in the same year for twelve months next ensuing be deemed and taken to be a true list of all persons qualified and liable to serve on Juries.

VIII.

PRECEPT TO SHERIFF TO SUMMON JURY.

The Clerk of the Crown shall fourteen days at least before each Session of Oyer and Terminer issue his Precept to the Sheriff commanding him to Summon thirty of the Principal inhabitants resident in the Town and Island of Bombay being subjects of the King to attend as a Grand Jury, and forty eight good and sufficient men being subjects of the King resident within the Island of Bombay or the Factories Subordinate thereto to serve on the Petty Jury.

IX.

SUMMONING JURORS.

The Sheriff on Receipt of the said Precept shall summon out of the names contained in the said Book thirty of those, who are qualified and liable, to serve on Grand Juries, and Forty Eight of those who are liable to serve on Petty Juries; provided that one half at least of those summoned to serve on Grand Juries and one half of those summoned to serve on Petty Juries shall be British subjects, and all those summoned to serve on Grand Juries, christians; and the summons shall be made Six days at the least before the Sessions, by shewing to the man to be sunmoned, or in case he shall be absent from the usual place of his abode by leaving with some person there inhabiting a note in writing under the hand of the Sheriff or under Sheriff containing the substance of such summons.

X.

PANEL OF JURORS.

The Sheriff shall at each Session on the sitting of the Court deliver to the Court a panel of the persons so summoned to serve on the Grand Jury as aforesaid, and also a panel of the persons so summoned to serve on the Petit Jury as aforesaid, and nothing in these rules contained shall be construed to take away from the Court such controul as it may legally exercise over any Panel returned by the Sheriff.

XI.

BALLOTTING GRAND JURY.

The name of each man who shall be summoned for the Grand Jury with the place of his abode and addition shall be written on a distinct piece of Paper or card, such pieces of paper or card being all as nearly as may be of equal Size, and shall be delivered by the under Sheriff unto the Clerk of the Crown, and shall by him be put together in a Box and he shall from the said box in open Court draw the said pieces of Paper or card indiscriminately one after the other, and the names of the first twenty three that shall be drawn and appear, except such as shall be excused by the Court for good and sufficient reason, shall act and be the Grand Jury for that Sessions.

XII.

BALLOTTING PETTY JURY.

The name of each man who shall be summoned for the Petty Jury with his place of abode and addition shall be written and delivered to the Clerk of the Crown as aforesaid, and placed in a box, and the said names shall be drawn as aforesaid; and the twelve persons whose names shall be first drawn, of whom six shall be British Subjects, that shall appear and shall not be challenged or set aside or excused, shall from the Petty Jury on each Trial provided also that on the Trial of any person who professes the Christian Religion the twelve persons professing that Religion whose names shall be first drawn that shall appear and shall not be challenged or set aside or excused, shall form the Petty Jury on such trial.

XIII.

CHALLENGE.

If any man shall be returned as a Juror who shall not be qualified, the want of such Qualification shall be good cause of challenge, and he shall be discharged upon such challenge if the Court shall be satisfied of the fact. And if they that sue for the King will challenge any of the said Jurors they shall assign of their challenge a cause certain, and the truth of the same challenge shall be enquired of according to the custom of the Court.

XIV.

LIST OF SERVICES.

The Clerk of the Crown shall make out a list of such men as shall serve on the Grand or Petty Jury at each Sessions and shall within twenty days after the close of such Sessions transmit such list to the Sheriff who is hereby required forthwith to register the names included in such List in the proper columns of the Jurors Book for that purpose together with the date of their Services and every man having duly served shall upon application to the Clerk of the Crown receive a certificate of such Service on payment of one Rupee.

XV.

JURORS NOT TO BE SUMMONED AGAIN WITHIN CERTAIN PERIOD

No man shall be returned as a Juror who has served as a Juror at the preceeding Sessions unless for want of Jurors who shall not have so served.

True Copy.

JAMES DEWER,
Clerk of the Crown.

Advertisement.

TO BE SOLD
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
AT HIS MAJESTY'S NAVAL ARSENAL BOMBAY,
On SATURDAY the 10th May,
AT ONE O'CLOCK,
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP
CYRENE,
OF 470 TONS.

WITH all her Masts, Yards and Rigging, one suit of half-worn sails and a new cable and anchor. She is copper fastened, and is only two years out of a King's Dock Yard where her bottom was newly coppered, and she was equiped for sea with an entire new set of rigging. She is considered the fastest sailing vessel in the India squadron, and consequently is particularly adapted for the Opium trade to China.

ALSO, ON THE SAME DAY,

His Majesty's Ship FLY, of 384 tons This vessel has no materials, except one cable, an anchor and the bowsprit.

Twenty per cent of the purchase money to be paid down immediately after the sale, and the remainder by an unexceptionable Bill at thirty days' sight, Both vessels to be at the risk of the purchaser immediately after the sale.

By order of His Excellency the Naval Commander in Chief,
JOHN POLLEXFEN,
H. M. Master Shipwright.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT at 12 o'Clock on Wednesday the 2d Instant, will be sold by public Auction, at this office, a quantity of NATIVE JEWELLERY, and a variety of other articles, including a Carriage and Harness &c. &c. on the Hon'ble Company's account.—A list of the whole may be seen on application.

By Order of the Hon'ble the Governor in Council.
W. C. BRUCE
General Pay-Master.

BOMBAY,
GENERAL PAY OFFICE,
1st April 1828.

ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

SUNDAY next being EASTER-DAY, there will be a COLLECTION immediately after the SERMON, as usual, for the Benefit of EUROPEAN and OTHER POOR.

HENRY DAVIES.
SENIOR CHAPLAIN.

VESTRY ROOM
APRIL 1st 1828.

WINES
FOR SALE AT THE
Godowns,
OF
Messrs. Ranken & Saunders.

SPARKLING Champaigne	Rs. 40 to 60	per doz.
Harper and Bell's 1st Growth Claret. } in half and quarter Chests.	40	ditto.
Do. 2d do. } in half and quarter Chests.	30	ditto.
Madeira (Keirs and Co. in Wood	700	per pipe.
Do. in Bottle	24	per doz.
Fine Old Port Wine in half Chests	24	ditto.
Sherry (Butler and Sons) in ditto	26	ditto.
Real Highland Whisky	30	ditto.

Sercial in Pints, Barsac, Vin de Grave, and Superior old Vidonia, Muscatel, &c.

Rampart Row, 1st April 1828.

TO BE SOLD
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
AT THE
Custom House Bunder,
On THURSDAY the 3d April,
AT NOON
TWO BOATS,
(Launch and Cutter)

BELONGING to the late Ship TYNE.

Terms Cash and the Boats to be at the risk of the purchasers as soon as knocked down.

TO BE SOLD
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
AT A
GODOWN,
IN
Kitson's Buildings,
AT 1 P. M.

SUNDRY BOLTS OF CANVAS and Pieces of WOOLLEN CLOTH recovered from the Wreck of the Ship TYNE.

Terms Cash, and the lots to be cleared within two days.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
TWO STRONG ACTIVE
Horses
ADOPTED FOR EITHER THE
Saddle or Harness

1st A powerful Chesnut Persian aged.....15-2 Hands
2nd A Strong, Active Grey Arab.....14-2½ Ditto.

THEY are both broke to HARNESS and have been in Constant work as chargers, they would be Serviceable HORSES, to any one requiring match CARRIAGE HORSES of the above description.—For particular apply to EDULJEE CURSETJEE'S SONS.—

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

REVISED RATES OF PREMIUM FOR ASSURANCE REQUIRED BY THE ORIENTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ON UNEXCEPTIONABLE LIVES.

CALCUTTA; 8TH FEBRUARY, 1828.

Age not exceeded at time of making Insurance.	*Annual premium for an Insurance for one year.* For Sa. Rs. 1000	*Annual premium for an Insurance for three years.* For Sa. Rs. 1000	*Annual premium for an Insurance for five years.* For Sa. Rs. 1000	*Annual premium for an Insurance for seven years.* For Sa. Rs. 1000	*Age not exceeded at time of making Insurance.*
16	30	32	32	32	16
17	30	32	32	32	17
18	30	32	32	32	18
19	30	33	33	33	19
20	31	33	33	34	20
21	31	33	34	35	21
22	31	34	35	36	22
23	32	34	35	36	23
24	32	35	36	37	24
25	33	35	36	37	25
26	34	36	37	38	26
27	35	37	38	39	27
28	36	38	39	40	28
29	37	39	40	41	29
30	38	40	41	42	30
31	39	41	42	43	31
32	40	42	43	44	32
33	41	43	44	45	33
34	42	44	45	46	34
35	43	45	46	47	35
36	44	46	47	48	36
37	45	47	48	49	37
38	46	48	49	50	38
39	47	49	50	51	39
40	48	50	51	52	40
41	49	51	52	53	41
42	50	52	53	54	42
43	51	54	55	56	43
44	52	56	57	58	44
45	54	58	59	60	45
46	56	60	61	62	46
47	58	62	63	64	47
48	60	64	65	66	48
49	62	66	67	68	49
50	64	68	69	70	50
51	66	70	71	72	51
52	68	72	73	74	52
53	70	74	75	77	53
54	72	76	78	80	54
55	75	80	82	84	55
56	78	84	86	88	56
57	82	88	91	94	57
58	86	92	95	100	58
59	90	98	103	110	59
60	95	105	112	120	60

Persons desirous of extending risks on lives for a fresh term of years, must apply for new Policies at least twelve months before the period at which those now held by them would expire, otherwise fresh certificates of health will be indispensible, such new Policies will commence from the date of application.

(SIGNED) MACKINTOSH AND CO.
AGENTS ORIENTAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HOT CROSS BUNNS.

MR. MC'VEIGH takes leave to correct an Error that appears in his Advertisement in last SATURDAY'S COURIER, (which originated with *himself*,—) VIZ. The price of each BUNN is 120 reas, and not 150, as inserted therein.

No. 8 Hummums Street, Bombay 2nd April 1828

T. MATHIES.
HAS RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION

AN Eight day box CHRONOMETER, by MARGETTS No. 96.....Price Rs. 800
A Two day Ditto.....Ditto
by JNO. CARTER, No. 1025.... " 1000
A day Ditto....Ditto by
HATTON AND HARRIS No. 604 " 1000

No. 7 Forbes Street, Bombay,

FOR SALE
AT THE
GODOWNS
OF
Messrs. Forbes & Co.

THE following Wines of Superior quality, just imported by the Ship VALLEY-FIELD, from Hamburgh viz.

White Sparkling Champagne,.....Rs. 40 Per Dozen.
Vin de Grave (Sauterne) very fine in 3 dozen Cases....." 16 Per dozen.
French Claret (St. Julien Medoc of 1822)......" 14 Per dozen.

ALSO.

Seltzer Water in Cases of 50 Bottles.....8 Per Dozen.
Do. do. 50 Smaller do...." 6 ditto.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

TO MESSES, FAMILIES & GENTLEMEN.
GEORGE OSBORN,
FORMERLY OF THE FIRM OF BAXTER & CO.

BEGS leave to intimate, that he purposes to furnish Supplies and execute Commissions generally on the most advantageous terms, to all who may feel disposed to favour him with their orders and patronage.

The business will be conducted under the style of GEORGE OSBORN AND CO.

No. 7 Forbes Street, Bombay,

Advertisement,

THE public are respectfully informed that a PRICE CURRENT AND COMMERCIAL REGISTER will be published at this Presidency under the Patronage of the Hon'ble the Governor in Council on the 1st and 3d Saturday of each month and will contain the following information viz.

Prices Current of Eastern produce.
Do. of Bengal produce.
Do of Europe produce.
Arrivals and Departures.
Ships Expected and their Destination.
Course of Exchange and Company's Paper.
A report of the Imports and Exports by Sea.
Rates of Freight generally.

Also general remarks on the state of trade noticing the fluctuation of the market during the fortnight previons to the publication of each number.

The Editor in Soliciting the kind Patronage and Support of the public begs to assure them that no attention or care will be wanting to render the work generally useful and convenient to the mercantile community,

The Price to Subscribers will be 5 Rupees per quarter and to non Subscribers one Rupee per Copy; Extra copies will be Supplied to Subscribers at the same rate as they pay for their regular ones viz, 6 copies for 5 Rupees, on intimation being given the day previous to publication addressed to the Editor at the Office of the Territorial Secretry to Government.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

Higgs & Briggs
WILL SELL
BY AUCTION,
To-morrow the 3rd Instant.

FINE Old HOLLANDS in small cases, Blue Camlet, Military Cloaks with capes, Colored Waistcoating, Gloster Cheeses, Arraphastic and Bengal Shoes, and a variety of other articles.

Meadows Street, 2nd April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs
WILL SELL
BY AUCTION,
To-morrow the 3rd Instant.
AT ONE O'CLOCK,
A BAY ARAB
BUGGY HORSE
5 Years Old, height 14-2.
A BAY ARAB
Saddle Horse
Six off, height 14-2½
A BAY ARAB
Saddle Horse
Seven years Old, height 14-3,
A GREY ARAB,
SADDLE HORSE

FIVE years old has a long trot, would make a good BUGGY HORSE, and parted with for no fault whatever.

TWO YOUNG GREY
ARAB HORSES,
Bought by a Gentleman to break into
HARNESS,
who has provided himself with a pair
AND A
BAY ARAB
Saddle Horse
Six years Old, height 14-1.

Meadows Street, 2nd April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs
WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
On FRIDAY the 11th Inst,
NEXT DOOR
TO
RANDALL LODGE,
BREACH CANDY ROAD,

THE Modern HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, Plate, Plated Ware, Superior Wines. Carriage and Horses &c. of a Gentleman reducing his establishment, comprising, Couches, Chairs, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Teapoys, English Sideboard, large Bedsteads and Bedding, Lamps, Wall Shades, double branch Candlesticks, Silver Curry Dishes, Tea Set, Salvers, Dessert Table Spoons and Forks, Plated Curry Dishes, Coffee Pot, Salvers &c.

Old London particular Madeira Teneriffe, Sherry, English Claret and Constantia Hock.

A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF
BOOKS.
AND
UNLESS PREVIOUSLY DISPOSED OF
A NEAT
CHARIOT,
AND PAIR OF CAPITAL
HALF ENGLISH
CARRIAGE HORSES.
ONE 6 AND THE OTHER 7 YEARS OLD.
HEIGHT 15-1 AND 15-1½

The property will be on view three days prior to the Sale, and Catelogues will be published.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 28 June, 2017

Higgs and Briggs.

WILL SELL

BY AUCTION

To-morrow the 3rd Instant.

NEAT

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

COMPRISING an excellent 8 Day Clock, Oval and Dining Table, Card Ditto, Book Case, Chest of Drawers, Wardrobe, Sideboard Celerets Chairs, Cot complete, Washing Stand, Cambay Carpet Silver Tea Pot, Cream Jug, Egg Stand, Double branch Candlesticks, Glass, and Earthenware.

AND A COLLECTION OF

BOOKS.

Meadow Street, 2d April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST EXPOSFD

FOR SALE

FASHIONABLE

MERTON DOWN

HATS,

JUST IMPORTED,

LADIES Black and Drab Riding Hats,.....Rs. 25
Gentlemen's Drab Black Hats, 20
Broad Brimmed Ditto,..... 25
Children's Hats,.....12 and 15

Meadows, Street, 2nd April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

SUPERIOR

MANILLA CHEROOTS,

In Cases of 10,000 each,

PRICE PER 1,000 RUPEES 16.

Meadows Street, 2nd April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

LOCH FINE

HERRINGS;

In Kegs containing above 100 each.

PRICE PER KEG Rs. 7.

Meadows Street, 2nd April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

JUST IMPORTED PER CUMBERLAND

Simpsons,

PRIME BEER,

IN WOOD,

PRICE Rs. 115 PER HOGSHEAD,

AND

DRIED TONGUES,

EACH Rs. 3.

Meadows Street, 2nd April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

A GOLD

HUNTING WATCH

By McCabe

PRICE Rs. 500

Meadow Street, 2d April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

A NEAT ENGLISH BUILT

LIGHT

BAROUCHETTE

AND

NEW SPARE WHEELS

WITH A PAIR OF

CARRIAGE HORSES,

EXCELLENT GOERS

AND

HARNESS.

PRICE Rs. 2000.

OR THE CARRIAGE ALONE

Rs. 1400

Meadows Street, 2d April 1828.

A CARD.

FRITH

Bomanjee & Co.

POSTPONE THE SALE

OF THE

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

PLATE, BOOKS, &c.

Belonging to the Estate of the late.

DAVID SETON ESQ.

Until MONDAY next the 7th Inst

PRIOR TO WHICH,

CATALOGUES WILL BE ISSUED,

THE

BAROUCHETTE,

HORSES HARNESS,

SADDLE HORSE,

AND

Guzerat Co

WILL BE SOLD,

THIS DAY,

AT ONE O'CLOCK. PRECISELY

Nesbit Lane, 2nd April 1

FRITH

Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE

THIS DAY

FOR SALE

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

AT THEIR ROOMS,

A VERY CHOICE

SELECTION OF GOODS,

IMPORTED FROM HAMBURGH

Per Valleyfield

CONSISTING OF.

RICH Cut Crystal, Dessert Ser ces, Champagne Glasses, Cla and Wine Ditto, Candlesticks, Tu blers, large Size, Mirrors in pl and Rich Gilt frames, Superior, Cutle Perfumery, Ostral Lamps, Clock Beads, Toys, Hardware, French, Po celain, Pocket Looking Glasses, Cu rants in Jars, Drawing Pencils, Shi Cutlasses, Salmon in Jars.

AND

AT ONE O'CLOCK,

Will be put up for sale, a neat Buggy Shigrampo, and several Horses with Bengal Palanquin.

Nesbit Lane 2nd April 1828.

FRITH

Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION.

THE FOLLOWING WORK.

THE Methods of determining TERRESTRIAL LONGITUDES by the MOONS LIGHT Ascension as reduced from her Altitudes and Calu imations by Capt. Jno. Crisp, Madras Army, Assist. to the Survyor Gen. of India.

Nesbit Lane 2nd April 1828.

FRITH

Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE received, a consignment of superior PORT WINE, which they are authorized to sell in six dozen chests at 90 Rupees the chest. The wine is of excellent quality, and can be re commended.—TERMS CASH.

A CARD.

IN addition to their present large collection of Pictures FRITH BOMANJEE & Co. have just received, a small assortment of plain and coloured PRINTS, which in good taste and execution are not to be surpassed.

Nesbit Lane, 2nd April 1828.

For Sale

AT THE

GODOWNS OF

Messrs Remington Crawford and Co.

A FEW Cases of Best SPARKLING WHITE CHAMPAGNE, in six and three dozen Cases at Rs. 40 per dozen, First Growth CLARET of
1822, from Todd and Bosanquet,- in 6 dozen,
Cases.....at 40 per dozen
Pale Old SHERRY from
Todd and Bosanquet, in
six dozen Cases,....at 27 per dozen.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS a most daring Robbery was committed on the night of the 23d March, or early on the morning of the 24th in CAPTAIN SIMPSONS PREMISES on the Esplanade, whoever will give information respecting the property, and papers, and lead to a discovery of the offending parties, will receive 100 RUPEES REWARD. The loss of the papers are of very great consequence to CAPTAIN SIMPSON, he would have advertised before, but he hoped through the vigilance of the Police some discovery would have been affected.

Bombay, 31st March 1828.

જાહેર • ખબર *

કિ•મીષ્ટી• ભરેલી• ગોરી•ના ૨૩ મી•મારચેનિ•દીને• રાતનાં• અથવા•નારીખ• ૨૪ મી•મલશે કામી કપતાન•શી પર્શન•વાલા• મેદાન• ઉપર નાં•ઘરમો•થાઈછે * માટે• જોકોજ•મ્યુ ણી•ઉપર•ભરેલી•ગોરીમો• ગોરાકિતી• અશકિ આમત•તથા•બાગાજે•વીશે• મુદો• દેખાડશે•અથવા•ગોરીની• ગોરી• પકડ વાનો•બાગો•લગાડી•આપશેનીનિ• મ્યુ ણીને• ૩૧૦૦) ઈનામનાં•મલશે* અ ને•બાગજેજે•ગોરાકિમાંદે• કપતાન• શી [illegible] નાંછે * અજનિ•મ્યુણી•બાગમયથીજ જાહેર•ખબર•આપનાર•કતી• પણ•ફે વી•ઉમેદ•રાખીજે•પીલીશ•બાનાની•ખ બરદારીથી•કિ•ગોરી•પકડવાની•થાંગો લાગશે•પણ•ને•થાંગો•ફજુર• થ્રમી• કેમે•લાગી•નથી*

શ્રી•મુબધ્યજની•તા૦૩૧મી•મારમ ૧૮૨૮

Advertisement.

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, that Probate of the last Will and Testament of DAVID SETON late of Bombay, ESQUIRE, deceased may be granted to WILLIAM GEORGE GRAHAM, AND JAMES SINDRY, of Bombay, ESQUIRES, the Executors named in and appointed by the said Will all persons interested therein are hereby apprized thereof.—Dated this 1st day of April 1828.

MORRIS AND PUGH,
PROCTORS.

Passage to the Clyde,

THE FINE FIRST CLASS BRIG,

CATHERINE,

OF 300 TONS BURTHEN.

Thomas Kincaid,

COMMANDER.

WILL be despatched to Greenock on the 10th of next month.

This vessel has excellent accommodations for Passengers and carries a regular Surgeon.

For Particulars apply to the COMMANDER on board or at the Office of Messrs. WILLIAM NICOL AND CO.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE,

BLANK BILLS of Exchange.
Powers of Attorney.
Interest and Respondentia Bonds.
Policies of Insurance
Bills of Lading.
and
Prices Current.

MESSRS.

Remington Crawford and Co.

AS Agents in Bombay for the ALLIANCE FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY, continue to issue Policies on all descriptions of property, renewable yearly, half yearly, or quarterly, at the option of the Assured. The rates of premium and further particulars may be known on application to Messrs. REMINGTON CRAWFORD AND CO.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

LONDON.

The Cleveland,

CAPTAIN HAVELOCK,

OF 450 TONS,

TO SAIL ON THE 25TH APRIL.

HAS good accommodations for Passengers and carries a Surgeon.

For particulars apply at the Office of Messrs. PATRICK STEWART AND CO.

Bombay 2nd April 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

LIVERPOOL OR GREENOCK,

THE NEW BRIG

Gleniffer,

OF 318 TONS,

Robert Stevenson,

COMMENDER,

APPLY to Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

For Passage to London,

THE FINE SHIP

MEDINA,

OF 500 TONS.

WILL to leave England in all November, and may be expected here during April.

The Vessel has lately undergone a thorough repair, has been elegantly fitted up for the accommodation of Passengers, and will have an early dispatch from this.

Apply at the Office of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

For Freight to London,

LIVERPOOL OR GREENOCK,

THE FINE BARQUE

THOMAS RITCHIE,

OF 380 TONS,

CAPTAIN A. ALEXANDER.

WILL, have an early dispatch for either of the above Ports, as freight may be offered.

Apply to Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

For Passage to London.

THE NEW SHIP

HENRY,

BURTHEN 400 TONS,

Capt. Westmoreland,

HAS good accommodation for Passengers, carries a Surgeon, and will be dispatched on the 15th of April. Apply to Capt. WESTMORELAND, at the Office of DIROM, CARTER AND CO. where plans of the accommodations may be seen.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

LONDON,

THE FINE NEW SHIP

LADY FAVERSHAM,

500 TONS,

George Adler,

COMMANDER.

THIS Ship is elegantly fitted up, and carries a regular Surgeon.

Apply to Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Bombay, 2nd April 1828.

[redacted]

By Order of the Honourable the Governor in Council

W. NEWNHAM,

Chief Secretary.

CIVIL APPOINTMENT.

Mr. T. G. Gardiner to Act as Secretary to Government in the Judicial, General and Marine Departments, during the indisposition of Mr. Norris,—Date of Appointment 19th March 1828.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR,

It appears from the last number of the Courier, that the Editor of that paper sighs for the honor of being associated with the Natives of Bombay as a Petit Juryman, because, in his opinion they join to the advantages they possess of a more intimate acquaintance with the language of the witnesses, and the character of their countrymen, more *clearness of understanding*, more *penetration*, and more *firmness* than the present race can pretend to. Now the Editor is of course at liberty to express this, or any other ridiculous opinion he may think deserving the public attention but in doing so he should be careful that the facts on which such opinions are founded are correct. Just before he delivers this elegant eulogium, he alludes to a case of perjury which was tried the Sessions before last, and states that two of the Jurymen, by a particular expedient, obtained the concurrence of the other ten. This was not the case, there were at least five, who considered the defendant entitled to a verdict of acquittal from the first, and continued of that opinion during the whole time.

I am Sir, your obedient Servant.

ONE OF THE FIVE.

Bombay, 31st March.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

MR. EDITOR.

Since your last paper we have witnessed one of those melancholy occurrances so common among our countrymen destined to waste their prime in this baleful climate, by the sudden death of our much lamented friend and Brother Officer Lieut. W. Ealis Rojers, occurances of this nature are in all cases extremely afflicting, but much more so when as in the present instance, it deprives us of one universally beloved and respected for every quality which adorns the gentleman, and endears the Officer the friend of his equals, the darling of his crew and the hope of his Country. If you should think the following lines appropriate I beg you will insert them, they are written in haste and under the impulse of feelings which I find impossible to describe, but which no doubt have been experienced by most of your readers.

Your Obediently,

A Sincere Friend of the late

LIEUT. W. E. ROJERS.

Is past the last faint agony is o'er
The grasp is powerless and he breathes no more
While fixed and cold the youthful feature grow
And friendship weeps in bitterness of woe
Ever honored be the mournful tear
And sainted Pity guard the warrior's bier
Let manly virtue heave the bursting sigh
And meek religion teach the young to die
Yes! let her lead them to the silent Grave
Where sleep the Ashes of the good and brave
There let her pure and holy accents tell
That in the bloom of youthful health he fell
That death the dark cloud the summer scene o'er cast,
And blighted all the promise of the past
How fair the mourning of existance proved
His path how brilliant and himself how loved
The fire of courage mixed with pity's due
His soul was noble and his heart was true
Soft beamed the lustre of his rising fame
And patriot honor hailed her sailors name
The lawrel'd chaplet bloomed upon his brow
Where is the laurel, where the weaver now.
Hark to the voice of music from afar
The sailor rests from all the toils of war
The festive triumph of the midnight Ball
Sends its loud echo thro' the lofty hall
The graceful form, the happy eye are there
And pleasure laughing sings the dirge of care
Alas! for him that when the health was given
It found no intrance at the Gate of Heaven
Yes he is gone far from his home he sleeps
No doating mother o'er his Ashes weeps
Alone his tomb unwatched, his sleep unblest
By pious fondness of the faithful heart
Far even from those who marked his parting breath
Or pressed the cold unconscious hand of Death
Far from the comrades who in former years
Had shared with him the sailors hopes, and fears
He sleeps, and hallowed by the early tomb
The sad memorial of his mournful doom
Yet tho' alone the honored Ashes lie
Beneath the foreign earth the distant sky
Still is there left within each aching breast
Of those who loved him and who knew him best
Its shrine where Pity may its garlands strew
And sorrow bathe them with her glistening dew
There shall the memory of the poet remain
To Guard the links of friendship's broken chain
The fond thought the epitaph shall trace
Of virtue, honor, dignity, and grace
There shall the requiem of the heart be sung
For him the brave, the honorable, the young
And oft shall friendship led by grief repair
To keep her sad and silent vigil there.

EXCHANGE &c.

On London, at 6 months sight. 1 | 9 a 1 | 9½ per Rs.
Calcutta, at 30 days sight, 104 B'by Rs. per 0 | 0 Sas.
Madras, at 30 days sight, at par.

BAZAR VALUE OF COMPANY'S PAPER.

Remittable notes 134 Bombay Rs. per 0 | 0 Siccas
Unremittable do. 104 do. per 0 | 0 do.

Notes of the present 5 per Cent. Loan opened in Bengal on the 18th August 1825, selling at 105½ B'bay per 0 | 0 Siccas.

PRICES OF BULLION.

Spanish Dollars	100 per 217 B'by Rs.
German Crowns	100 per 212. Ditto.

GOVERNMENT LOAN.

Subscriptions to the present 5 per cent Loan opened in Bengal on the 18th August 1825, are receivable at the General Treasury at Bombay at the rate of 106½ Bombay Rupees per 0 | 0 Siccas; being the intrinsic value.

FREIGHTS.

To London.... Per Ton £4.
To China..... Per Candy Rs. 30.

THE GAZETTE.

BOMBAY.

WEDNESDAY, 2ND APRIL 1828.

Our Shipping Report of this week presents a dismal appearance; we have no Arrival of any Interest to announce, except that of the Hon'ble Cos. Cruizer Benares from the Persian Gulph, the sister Presidencies are in the same condition with ourselves. A careful selection of extracts, is therefore all that we can this week offer to our readers. We understand that English newspapers have been received by an overland despatch to the middle of December, but which we have not been fortunate enough to obtain a perusal of, from all we can gather, it would appear that the Porte is determined not to accede to the demands of the three great allied powers. The Emdassadors of the different Courts of England, France and Russia had left Constantinople, which is nearly equal to an open declaration of War.

We understand that important Despatches were received by the Benares Cruizer on Sunday Evening from the British Envoy in Persia up to 22d January. We learn from private letters that negotiations which had been going on for more than two months at Dakhargan between General Paskevitch and the Prince Royal of Persia finally terminated in the Russian General declaring the Armistice at an end and his determination to prosecute the War into the South of Persia.—The snow was deep on the ground and the winter unusually severe, the Russian Army was understood to be in good condition, abundantly supplied with Provisions, and capable of bearing up against such difficulties. They were to march to the Southward from Tabriz in three grand Divisions, which would enable them at any given point to form a force of fifty thousand men. The greater part of the population of the country was undertsood to be in their favor.

The negotiations are said to have been broken off in consequence of the hesitation and delay shewn by the King in parting with his treasures. Three Crores of Fanauns had been advanced Dlasveen, but great difficulties seemed to oppose their reaching the Treasury of the Russian General, and to put a stop to these evasions and delays he was compelled to declare the Armistice at an end.

Colonel Macdonald had in spite of the severity of the weather left Tabriz for Tehreen to make one more effort to save the deluded Monarch from the ruin, which was hanging over himself and family. By way of increasing his difficulties the King had summoned his Son Mahomed Ali Meerza from Khorassan to the Capital. He had been received at Tehreen with great honors, and was in great favor with the populace. The King it was understood had expressed his intention of declaring him the Heir to his Throne, there raising up a Rival to the elder and hitherto favourite Son Abbas Meerza. The Old monarch it is clear could never have read Æsop's fable of the old man and the Bundle of Sticks.

In the midst of all these Political disturbances and fall of empires, it is highly gratifiying to learn that the British envoy continues to be received with the greatest attention and confidence both by the Persians and Russians. Indeed if the Kujins (the present reigning family of Persia) retain their footing on the Throne it will be entirely owing to the high personal character and influence of the British envoy, Colonel Macdonald, whose exertions through the most difficult and tyring

[*Continued in the Supplement.*]

BOMBAY.—PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE *PROPRIETORS*, AT THE GAZETTE PRESS, No. 7, BELL LANE, BY *THOMAS RIGBY.*

WHERE ADVERTISEMENTS, ESSAYS, POETICAL PIECES, ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE &c. &c. WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

Gentlemen about to change their Stations, are requested to give Notice thereof to the PROPRIETORS, who will pay due attention to their Orders.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2ND 1828.

[*Continued from the Gazette.*]

circumstances appears to have been unexampled, in any instance of Diplomacy that we have heard of.

We are happy to learn that Mrs. Macdonald, continued in the best of health at Tabriz and that her little Coteries were attended by numbers of the Russian Nobility (Princes Dukes &c.) who were lately figuring in the saloons of St. Petersburgh.

Sir Henry Wilcock had reached St. Petersburgh where it was understood he would winter. Capt. Campbell; Colonel Macdonald's, first Assistant, proceeding with despatches for England had passed Teflis.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.—Asst. Surg. John Hardie.
Lieut. G. Weston, H. M. 4th Dragns.
Capt. J. A. Crosby, 9th Regt.
Lieut. A. R. Wilson, M. B.
Major E. Lutyens, H. M. 20th Regt.
Capt. Forbes Stalker, 19th Regt.
DEPARTURES.—Lieut. P. Deas, 6th Regt. Cavy.
Lieut. R. Bulkley, 20th Regt.
Lieut. Jas. Henderson, 49th Rt. M. N. I.
Asst. Surg. T. S. Cahill, 1st Cavy.

SHIPPING REPORTS.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.

MARCH 25.—Brig Gleniffer, (Free Frader,) Robt. Stevenson, Com. from Greenock 29th Sept.

27th. Armed Ketch Chacer, Mussa Peerbhoy, Syrang from Sea.

26th. Ship Indian Oak, John Reid, Com. from Muscat 21st March.

Do. Hon'ble C. Cruizer Nautilus, John Betham, Esq. Capt. from a Cruize.

30th. The H. C. Cruizer Benares, G. Walker, Esq. Captain from Persian Gulph.

Passengers per Benares.—Captain J. Pruen, H. C. Marine.

DEPARTURES.

MARCH 25th.—Armed Ketch Chacer, Mussa Peerbhoy, to Sea.

27th. Barque Alacrity, (Free Trader,) John Flindlay, Com. to Columbo aad Calcutta.

Do. Schooner Vigilant, Doss Mahomud Syrang, to Sea.

29th Grab Dadaloy, Shereffalley Nacqudah, to Surat.

Do. Grab Caddry, Shack Husson Nacqudah, to Tellichery and Judda.

Do. Armed Ketch Chacer, Mussa Peerbhoy Syrang, to Surat.

Passengers by Alacrity.—Mrs. Dangerfield and Child, Col. Carfra, Capt. Deas.

SHIPS LOADING.

English.—Lady Feversham, for London.
Henry, for ditto.
Valleyfield, for ditto.
Catherine, for Greenock.
Charlotte, for China.
Fort William, for ditto.
Castlereagh, for ditto.
Cornwallis, for ditto.
M. S. Elphinstone, for ditto.
Golconda, for ditto.
Cruttenden, for Malay Coast.
Prince of Wales, for ditto.
Hamody, for Penang.
Sophia, for Acheen,
Kusrovie, for Persian Gulph.
Arab.—Monsory, for ditto.
Portuguese.—Conde de Rio Pardo, for Macao.
Dezempenho, for Malay Coast.
Dourado, for ditto.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

—FREE TRADERS—

M. S. Elphinstone, Cleveland, Catherine, Valleyfield, Lady Feversham, Henry, Thomas Ritchie, Lady Gordon, Cumberland, and Gleniffer.

—COUNTRY SHIPS—

Helen, Castlereagh, Byramgore, Bannerman, Asia Felix, Prince of Wales, Ann, Glenelg, Lowjee, Charles Forbes, Oscar, Milford, Almeida, Prome Golconda, Cartha, Charlotte, Hamody, Sophia, Kusrovie, Pascoa, Fort William, Cornwallis, Cruttenden, Minerva, Ahmody, Sunbury, Isabella, Sherburne, and Indian Oak.

—ARAB—

Monsory, Moidinbux, Futtaylabad, Asadolbhar, and Wootmany.

—PORTUGUESE—

Anundpursad, St. Se Bastiaõ, Conde de Rio Pardo, Dezempenho, and Dourado.

—H. M. SHIPS—

Bombay, Java, Champion, Cochin, Fly, and Cyrene.

—H. C. CRUZERS—

Benares, and Nautilus.

MADRAS.

ARRIVALS.

MARCH 14th, — Ship Georgiana, John Moore, from the Downs 18th October.

— 17th, — Brig Hebe, Thomas Macfadzen, from Rangoon 29th February.

— 18th, — Ship Malabar, Oliver, from Trincomallie 28th February, Nagore 12th, and Covelong 28th March.

— 20th, — Brig Enterprize, Captain R. Cook from Pondicherry.

DEPARTURES.

MARCH 13th, — Brig Enterprize, Robert Cook, for Pondicherry.

— Do. — H. C. C. Ship Neptune, J. Cumberlege, for London.

— 14th, — Ship Frances Charlotte, J. Talbert, for London.

— 19th, — Ship Mary Anne Sophia, A. Henderson, for the Eastward.

— 20th — Ship Malabar, Captain D'Oliver, for Calcutta.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS

H. M. Ship Success, Capt. F. Studdart.
Ship Eleanor, Captain W. H. Edmonds.
Ship Georgiana, Captain John Moore.
Brig Enterprize, Captain R. Cook.
Brig Bucephalus, Captain M. J. Crisp.
Brig Macauley, Captain J. Aiken.
Brig Dolphin, Captain M. Preday.
Brig Hebe, Captain Thomas Macfadzen.

CALCUTTA.

ARRIVALS.

MARCH 11. Ship Circassian, G. R. Douthwaite, from London 16th July, Trincomalee, and Madras 17th February.

— Brig Emulous, Thomas Welbank, from Mauritius 5th January and Bourbon 16th ditto.

March 12. Ship Indiana, James Webster, from Mauritius 29th December, Madras, and Vizagapatam 8d March.

— Portuguese Ship Angelica, T. H. Lauco, from Macao 9th January, Singapore, Malacca, and Penang 16th February.

Passengers per Circassian, from London :—Mr. A. Steele

From Trincomalee :—Miss A. Morton.

From Madras :—Mrs Campbell; Capt. Campbell; Captain Ross; C. Jones, Esq. Surgeon.

The Brig Emulous, on the 24th January, in Latitude 11° 20' Longitude 58° 15' spoke the William Wilson, out 10 days from Mauritius, bound to Calcutta.

On the 28th of February, in Latitude 15° 20' Longitude 85° 10' picked up the remains of a Bhur, in which was a bottle containing a paper, stating, that the said Bhur was picked up by the Lady Flora, Captain Fayrer, on the 22d January, in Latitude 19° 50' Longitude 88° 20'. No person being on board, she was set a drift, and a list of the Passengers.

Mr. John Walker, a Tailor, found on board, after the Brig Emulous left Mauritius.

Per Indiana, from Mauritius :—Mr. Robert Mitchell.

Per Angelica, from Singapore :—Mr. G. Mitchell; Mr. H. Botger.

From Penang :—Mr. J. J. dos Remedio.

DEPARTURES.

MARCH 11. Ship Zenobia, J. A. Douglas, for London.

The Nerbudda, W. Patrick, for Persian Gulph and Rangoon, is expected to sail immediately.

The undermentioned vessels gone to sea from Saugor; viz.

March 10. H. M. Ship Herald,
March 11. La Belle Alliance, Shawlns haw, Elphinstone, Bombay, and Orient.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.

At Bancote, on the 17th instant, at 40 minutes past one P. M. the lady of W. P. Ranny, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

NONE.—

DEATHS.

At Bassadore, on the 20th February, deeply lamented by all his Brother Officers, and Friends, Lieut. Rogers, of the Hon'ble Company's Cruizer Antelope, after a short illness of four days.

On the 21st Inst. at Baroda, aged 6 months, Andrew Morison, the infant son of Lieut. William Burnett, of the 2d European Regt.

MADRAS.

BIRTHS.

At Sea, on board the Ship Georgiana, on the 4th January last, the Lady of C. C. Johnson, Esq. Assistant Surgeon on this Establishment, of a Son.

At Quilon, on the 20th of January, the Lady of Captain W. Percy Canningham, D. A. A. Genl. in Travencore, of a Daughter.

At Hingolee, on the 1st March, the Lady of Major Francis Crossley, of a Son.

At Palamcotah, on the 8th of March, Mrs. Rhenius, of a Daughter.

At the Neilgherry Hills on the 10th March, the Lady of Lieutenant Colonel G. M. Steuart, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Belgaum, on the morning of the 6th Instant, by the Reverend P. Stewart, B. A. Lieut Chas Pickering, 2d Battalion Pioneers, to Cora, daughter of the late R. Trewman, Esq. of Exeter, and Niece to Col. Trewman, of the Madras Establishment.

DEATHS.

At Arcot, on Tuesday the 5th February, of Cholera, Cornet P. Hewit, doing duty with the 3d Light Cavalry.

At Hingolee, on the 1st March, Jane, the Wife of Major Francis Crossley.

At Madras, on the 9th Instant, George Chase, eldest Son of the late Daniel Neale, Esq.

At his Residence, in John Pereira's Garden, on the night of the 12th Instant, of Cholera; Mr. Thomas Barker, aged 29 years, sincerely and deservedly regretted by his disconsolate Widow, and a large circle of relations and friends to bemoan his irreparable loss.

On Tuesday, the 26th February last, Mrs. C. M. WOLLEN, aged 77 years after a long and lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation.

CALCUTTA.

BIRTHS.

At Quilon, on the 8th February, the Lady of Captain Charles Neuman, 5th Regiment Native Infantry, of a Son and Heir.

At Trichinopoly, on the 17th February, the Lady of Captain E. A. M'Curdy, 27th Regiment, of a Daughter.

On the River, on Tuesday, the 20th February, the Lady of Lieutenant, W. Macvitie, Artillery Regiment, of a Daughter.

At Chuprah, on the 3d March, the Lady of W. A. Pringle, Esq of the Civil Service, of a Son.

At Calcutta, on Tuesday last, the 11th March, at the Upper Circular Road, Mrs. William Gray, of a Daughter.

At Calcutta, on the 11th March, the Lady of Captain William Chifton, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Chicacole, on Monday, the 11th February, by the Reverend J. Darrah, Assistant Apothecary C. B. Spratt, of the 3d Native Veteran Battalion, to Miss Mary Newcastle, of that place.

At Hingoolee, on the 15th February, Lieutenant Charles Nutting, 2d European Regiment, to Miss Emily Stewart.

DEATHS.

NONE.—

Madras.

CURRENT VALUE OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

Wednesday, March, 19.

Six per Cent, Bengal Remittable Loan.

At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees.....28¾ *Premium.*

At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.

106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs. 26¾ *Premium*

Five per Cent, Bengal Unremittable Loan.

At the Rate of Subscription, viz.

350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees ¾ *Discount.*

At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.

106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees 1½ *Discount.*

FORT ST. GEORGE, *March* 14, 1828.

THE Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Mr. P. S. Dirksz, to be Master Attendant at Calingapatam.

Calcutta.

CURRENT VALUE OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

MARCH 12TH, 1828.

BUY.		SELL.
Prem.		Prem.
25 0	Remittable	24 8
Disct. 3	Old 5 per Cent. Loan,.	0 8 Disct.
Prem. Par	New ditto ditto	0 3
5400 0	Bank of Bengal Share	5200 0 Prem.

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Private Bills 6 0
Ditto on Government Bills and Salary Bills.....4 0
Interest on Loans on Deposit.....5 0

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

BUY.	CALCUTTA.	SELL.
1 10¼	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. Rs.	1 11

CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE 6TH MARCH, 1828.

MR. C. M Caldecott. Second Register of the Zillah Court at Allahabad.

TERRITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE 28TH FEBRUARY, 1828.

Mr. G. J. Morris, a Principal Assistant in the Delhi Territory.

POLITICAL DEPARTMEFT.

FORT WILLIAM, 28TH FEBRUARY 1828.

The Honorable Richard Cavendish, Superintendant of Ajmeer, and Political Agent for the States of Jodepore, Jessulmere and Kishengur.

The following *Government Gazette Extraordinary* was issued in the course of Saturday:—

"The Right Honorable the Governor General embarked this morning for England, on board His Majesty's Ship *Herald*. His Lordship quitted the Government House at 7 o'clock, and walked to Chandpaul Ghaut, accompanied by the Members of Council, the Lord Bishop, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and a number of the principal members of the community in every Department. The streets from the Government House to the Ghaut were lined with troops, who paid the usual honors as His Lordship passed. On arriving at the Ghaut, Earl Amherst addressed the Gentlemen who accompanied him, in a short but impressive manner, thanking them for their attentions, and assuring them of their retaining a place in his remembrance, and that of his surviving family. His Lordship then embarked on board the *Phulcheri*. and was conveyed to the Frigate, the yards of which were manned. The vessel immediately got under weigh, and the *Enterprize* started at the same time to take her in tow. The wind and tide were both in their favour. On passing the Fort, a salute of 19 guns was fired: no salutes were fired by the Frigate, in consequence of the weak state of Lady Sarah Amherst.

"The Countess Amherst, and Lady Sarah preceded His Lordship, and embarked on board the *Herald* about half-past six. They were attended to the ship by Dr. William Russell. Lady Sarah Amherst supported the fatigue of removal, we are happy to state, much better than could have been expected.

"Captain Pearson and Mr. Hale accompany Earl Amherst to England."—*The India Gaz. March* 10.

FORT WILLIAM, 13TH MARCH, 1828.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Right Honorable Earl AMHERST, &c. &c. &c. has, by a Letter, bearing date the 10th Instant, formally resigned the Office of Governor General of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal, and whereas the Honourable WILLIAM BUTTERWORTH BAYLEY, ESQUIRE, has succeeded to the Office of Governor General of the Presidency aforesaid, under the Provisions contained in the Act of the 33d Year of the Reign of His late Most Gracious Majesty King GEORGE III.

It is hereby Proclaimed, that the said Honorable WILLIAM BUTTERWORTH BAYLEY, ESQUIRE, did, on the day of the date hereof, take charge of the said Office of Governor General of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal.

By Order of Government,
H. SHAKESPEAR
Offg. Chief Sec. to Govt.

FORT WILLIAM, MARCH 13, 1828.

The Honorable the Governor General having been pleased to nominate GEORGE SWINTON, ESQ. one of the Senior Merchants in the service of the Honorable the United Company of Merchants of England Trading to the East Indies, to be a Temporary Member of the Council Board of Fort William, under the Provisions of S. 29. 33d George III C 52, has called the said GEORGE SWINTON, ESQ. to take his Seat accordingly, and the said GEORGE SWINTON, ESQ. has in obedience thereto, this day taken the Oaths and his Seat in the Council of Fort William, under the usual Salute from the Ramparts of the Fort.

By Order of the Hon'ble the Governor General in Council,
H. SHAKESPEAR
Offg. Chief Secy. to Govt.

FORT WILLIAM, 13TH MARCH, 1828.

The Governor General has been pleased to make the following temporary Appointments:

Mr. ANDREW STIRLING, to be Private Secretary to the Governor General.

Captain Sir ROBERT COLQUHOUN, Baronet, 44th Regiment Native Infantry, to be Military Secretary, and Aide-de-Camp to the Governor General.

Surgeon WM. RUSSELL, M. D. to be Surgeon to the Governor General.

Aides-dé- Camp to the Governor General.

Major J. N. JACKSON, 45th Regiment Native Infantry.

Lieutenant Wm. BROWNLOW, 46th Native Infantry.

Lieutenant R. R. GILLIESPIE, His Majesty's 4th Dragoons.

Lieutenant Hon'ble H. B. DALZELL Bengal Artillery.

Lieutenant F. GROTE, Bengal Arlillery.

Extra Aide-de Camp.

Captain H. CALDWELL, Superintendent of Mysore Princes.

Supernumerary Aide-des-Camp.

Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant J. VAUGHAN, Fort and Town Major, Fort William.

Major MALING, 69th Native Infantry.

Honorary Aide-de-Camp.

Major C. FITZGERALD, 6th Cavalry.

CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. HENRY SHAKESPEAR, to officiate as Chief Secretary to Government.

Mr. ANDREW STIRLING, to officiate as Secretary to Government in the Secret and Political Department.

Mr. SIMON FRASER, to officiate as Persian Secretary to Government.—*Govt. Gaz. Extra. March 13th.*

Native Papers.—Dehli.—The Astrologers, in preparing the Almanacs, announce, that in the ensuing year, there will be much rain, and grain will be abundant. People will be much addicted to falsehood and fraud, and more girls will be born than boys. The ceremonies of the New Year were ordered for the 3rd of Ramazaan and the presents on the 4th.—*Govt Gaz. March 10.*

English Extracts.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

The story of the *Highland Widow* purports to have been received by our new and esteemed friend, Chrystal Croftangry (Chronicler of the Canongate for, we hope, many years to come,) from Mrs. Baliol Bethune, an ancient, lady of high family, old manners, and his acquaintance. Nothing more finished and perfect was (perhaps) ever executed by the pencil of Sir Walter Scott than his picture of this dame and her establishment. Many a picture on canvas will yet be made of it; but must skip even the pen and ink drawing.

The Highland Widow is a narrative of great interest and excitement, and not the less so on account of the reader's very soon anticipating the catastrophe, though, of course it is impossible to foresee its particular circumstances. We will not injure its effect by any close details. The scene is laid in the Highlands some forty or fifty years ago, when Mrs. Bethune, travelling with a postilion of "noticeable" qualities (Donald Mac Leish), sees, in a wild pass with a wild waterfall, Lochawe, a ruined hut, a scathed oak, and a wretched woman, more desolate than the spot, more forlorn than the dwelling, and more blighted than the tree. This is the Highland Widow, Elspat Mac Tavish. Her husband had been a Rob Roy, in a lesser degree; and she a perfect Caterina, sharing and exulting in all his perils and plunderings. At last (for such lives do not wear long, or, to use the existence-loving phrase of the snug worlding, are not *blessed* with length of years), the freebooter is slain in unequal conflict with the military, (on this side of *the* forty-five,) and his widow and infant son Hamish hardly escape. Taking refuge in the fastnesses and solitude of the soul-inspiring mountain-regions of the north, the boy grows to manhood with some knowledge of the actual state of society; while his mother seems to be unconscious of any change, and still cherishes her early notions of lawless liberty, and Celtic right to take what was wanted. The difference of opinion thus engendered leads to Hamish's ultimate evasion of his rude home and fierce though fond parent.

"The prudence that might have weighed the slender means which the times afforded for resisting the efforts of a combined government, which had in its less compact and established authority, been unable to put down the ravages of such lawless caterans as Mac Tavish Mhor, was unknown to a solitary woman, whose idea still dwelt upon her own early times. She imagined that her son had only to proclaim himself his father's successor in adventure and enterprise, and that a force of men as gallant as those who had followed his father's banner, would crowd around to support it when again displayed. To her, Hamish was the eagle who had only to soar aloft and resume his native place in the skies, without her being able to comprehend how many additional eyes would have watched his flight, how many additional bullets would have been directed at his bosom. To the brief Elspat was one who viewed the present state of society with the same feeling with which she regarded the time that had passed away. She had been indigent, neglected, oppressed, since the days that her husband had no longer been feared and powerful, and she thought that the term of her ascendance would return when her son had determined to play the part of his father. If she permitted her eye to glance rather on futurity, it was but to anticipate that she must be for many a day cold in the grave, with the coronach of her tribe cried duly over her, before her fair-haired Hamish could, according to her calculation, die with his hand on the basket-hilt of the red claymore. His father's hair was grey, ere, after a hundred dangers, he had fallen with his arms in his hands. That she should have seen and survived the sight, was a natural consequence of the manners of that age. And better it was—such was her proud thought—that she had seen him so die, than to have witnessed his departure from life in a smoky hovel, on a bed of rotten straw, like an over-worn hound, or a bullock which died of disease. But the hour of her young her brave Hamish, was yet far distant. He must succeed—he must conquer, like his father; and when he fell at length,—for she anticipated for him no bloodless death,—Elspat would ere then have lain long in the grave, and could neither see his death-struggle, nor mourn over his grave-sod. With such wild notions working in her brain, the spirit of Elspat rose to its usual pitch, or rather to one which seemed higher. In the emphatic language of scripture, which in that idiom does not greatly differ from her own, she arose, she washed and changed her apparel, and ate bread, and was refreshed. She longed eagerly for the return of her son, but she now longed not with the bitter anxiety of doubt and apprehension. She said to herself, that much must be done ere he could in these times arise to be an eminent and dreaded leader. Yet when she saw him again, she almost expected him at the head of a daring band, with pipes playing, and banners flying, the noble tartans fluttering free in the wind, in despite of the laws which had suppressed under severe penalties, the use of the national garb, and all the appurtenances of Highland chivalry.

Meanwhile the object of her solicitude had enlisted, (the phrase is, however, too mean for that species of engagement)—had joined the Highland Watch, since the gallant forty-second regiment; and at the time of its formation, a corp of so peculiar a character as to have no parrallel in British history. Obtaining leave of absence for a week, returns to acquaint his mother with what he had done, provide for her maintenance, and take his leave. Part of their conversation runs thus: Hamish says,—"'I do not repent my engagement, unless that it must make me leave you soon.' 'Leave me! how leave me? Silly boy, think you I know not what duty belongs to the wife or mother of a daring man? Thou art but a boy yet; and when thy father had been the dread of the country for twenty years, he did not despise my company and assistance, but often said my help was worth that of two strong gillies.' 'It is not on that score, mother; but since I must leave the country!' 'leave the country replied his mother, interrupting him; 'and think you that I am like a bush, that is rooted to the soil where it grows, and must die if carried elsewhere? I have breathed other winds than those of Ben Cruachan—I have followed your father to the wilds of Ross, and the impenetrable deserts of Y Mac Mhor—Tush, man, my limbs, old as they are, will bear me as far as your young feet can trace the way.' 'Alas! mother,' said the young man, with a faltering accent, 'but to cross the sea——' 'The sea! who am I that I should fear the sea? Have I never been in a birling in my life—never known the Sound of Mull, the Race of Tresbornish, and the rough rocks of Harris?' 'Alas! mother, I go far, far from all of these—I am enlisted in one of the new regiments, and we go against the French in America.' 'Enlisted!' uttered the astonished mother—'against *my* will—without *my* consent;—you could not—you would not,'—she,'—then rising up, and assuming a posture of almost imperial command, 'Hamish, you *dared* not!' 'Despair, mother, dares every thing,' answered Hamish, in a tone of melancholy resolution. 'What should I do here, where I can scarce get bread for myself and you, and when the times are growing daily worse? Would you but sit down and listen, I would convince you I have acted for the best.' With a bitter smile Elspat sat down, and the same severe ironical expression was on her features, with her lips firmly closed, she listened to his vindication. Hamish went on, without being disconcerted by expected displeasure. 'When I left you, dearest mother, it was to go to Mac Phadraick's house; for although I know he is crafty and wordly, after the fashion of the Sassenach, yet he is wise, and I thought how he would teach me, as it would cost him nothing, in which way I could mend our estatate in the world.' 'Our estate in the world!' said Elspat, losing patience at the word; 'and went you to a base fellow with a soul no better than that of a cowherd, to ask counsel about your conduct? Your father asked none, save at his courage and his sword.' 'Dearest mother,' answered Hamish, 'how shall I convince you that you live in the land of our fathers as if our fathers were yet living? You walk as it were, in a dream, surrounded by the phantoms of those who have been long with the dead. When my father lived and fought, the great respected the Man of the strong right hand, and the rich feared him. He had protection from Mac Allan Mhor, and from Caberfae, and tribute from meaner men. That is ended; and his son would only earn a disgraceful and unpitied death, by the practices which gave his father credit and power among those who wear the breacan. The land is conquered—its lights are quenched,—Glengary, Lochiel, Perth, Lord Lewis, all the high chiefs are dead or in exile—we may mourn for it, but we cannot help it. Bonnet, broadsword, and sporran—power, strength, and wealth, were all lost in Drummossie-muir.' 'It is false!' said Elspat, fiercely; 'you, and such like dastardly spirits, are quelled by your own faint hearts, not by the strength of the enemy: are like the fearful waterfowl, to whom the least cloud in the sky seems the shadow of the eagle.' 'Mother,' said Hamish, proudly, 'lay not faint heart to my charge. I go where men are wanted who have strong arms and bold hearts too. I leave a desert, for a land where I may gather fame.'"

By infusing a sleepy potion into his parting quaich, or cup, the miserable mother causes her son to break his word to his captain, but stay his furlough, and subject himself to disgraceful punishment as a deserter. A forewarning vision of his father impresses a deep interest on this part of the story; but we must not be too covetous of its details;—and proceed to the finale. When Hamish awakes, too late, from his stupor, in vain is the attempt to soothe him,

"'I have lost all, mother,' replied Hamish, since I have broken my word, and lost my honour—I might tell my tale, but who, oh, who would believe me?' The unfortunate young man again clasped his hands together, and, pressing them to his forehead, his face upon the bed. Elspat was now really alarmed, and perhaps wished the fatal deceit had been left unattempted. She had no hope or refuge saving in the eloquence of persuasion, of which she possessed no small share, though her total ignorance of the world as it actually existed, rendered its energy unavailing. She urged her son, by every tender epithet which a parent could could bestow, to take care for his own safety. 'Leave me,' she said, 'to baffle your pursuers. I will save your life—I will save your honour—I will tell them that my fair-haired Hamish fell from the Corrie Dhu (black precipice) into the gulf, of which human eye never beheld the bottom. I will tell them this, and I will fling your plaid on the thorns which grow on the brink of the precipice, that they may believe my words. They will believe and they will return to the Duu of the double-crest; for though the Saxon drum can call the living to die, it cannot recall the dead to their slavish standard. Then will we travel together far northward to the salt lakes of Kintail, and place glens and mountains betwixt us and the sons of Dermid. We will visit the shores of the dark lake, and my kinsmen—(for was not my mother of the children of Kenneth, will they not remember us with the old love?—my kinsmen will receive us with the affection of the olden time, which lives in those distant glens, where the Gael still dwell in their nobleness, unmingled with the churl Saxons, or with the base brood that are their tools and their slaves.' The energy of the language, somewhat allied to hyperbole, even in its most ordinary expression, now seemed almost too weak to afford Elspat the means of bringing out the splendid picture which she presented to her son of the land in which she proposed to him to take refuge. Yet the colours were few with which she could paint her Highland paradise. 'The hills,' she said, 'were higher and more magnificent than those of Breadalbane—Ben-Cruachan was but a dwarf to Skooroora. The lakes were broader and larger, and abounded not only with fish, but with the enchanted and amphibious animal which gives oil to the lamp, deer were larger and more numerous—the white-tusked boar, the chase of which the brave loved best, was yet to be roused in these western solitudes—the men were nobler, wiser, and stronger, than the degenerate brood who lived under the Saxon banner. The daughters of the land were beautiful, with blue eyes and fair hair, and bosoms of snow, and out of these she would choose a wife for Hamish, of blameless descent, spotless fame, fixed and true affection, should be in their summer bothy as a beam of the sun, and in their winter abode as the warmth of the needful fire. Such were the topics with which Elspat strove to soothe the despair of her son, and to determine him, if possible, to leave the fatal spot, on which he seemed resolved to linger. The style of her rhetoric was poetical, but in other respects resembled that which, like other fond mothers, she had lavished on Hamish while a child or a boy, in order to gain his consent to do something he had no mind to; and she spoke louder, quicker, and more earnestly, in proportion as she began to despair of her words carrying conviction. On the mind of Hamish her eloquence made no impression."

She rushes out, and amid darkness and the danger of the torrent and precipice, courts self-destruction; but at length returns to the hut, where Hamish, yet under the influence of the drugs, has relapsed into a second slumber.

"His mother was scarcely sure that she actually discerned his form on the bed, scarce certain that her ear caught the sound of his breathing. With her throbbing heart, Elspat went to the fire-place in the centre of the hut, where slumbered, covered with a piece of turf, the glimmering embers of the fire, never extinguished on a Scottish hearth until the indwellers leave the mansion for ever. 'Feeble Greisogh,' she said, as she lighted, by the help of a match, a splinter of bog pine, which was to serve the place of a candle; 'weak greishogh, soon shalt thou be put out for ever, and may Heaven grant that the life of Elspat Mac Tavish have no longer duration than thine!' While she spoke, she raised the blazing light towards the bed, on which still lay the prostrate limbs of her son, in a posture that left it doubtful whether he slept or swooned. As she advanced towards him, the light flashed upon his eyes—he started up in an instant, made a stride forward with his naked dirk in hand, like a man armed to meet a mortal enemy, and exclaimed, 'Stand off!—on thy life, stand off!' 'It is the word and the action of my husband,' answered Elspat; and I know by his speech and his step the son of Mac Tavish Mhor.' Mother,' said Hamish, relapsing from his tone of desperate firmness into one of melancholy expostulation; 'oh, dearest mother, wherefore have you returned hither?' 'Ask why the hind comes back to the fawn,' said Elspat; 'why the cat of the mountain returns to her lodge and her young. Know you, Hamish, that the heart of the mother only lives in the bosom of the child.' 'Then will it soon cease to throb,' said Hamish, 'unless it can beat within a bosom that lies beneath the turf. Mother do not blame me; if I weep, it is not for myself, but for you, for my sufferings will soon be over; but yours——O, who but Heaven shall set a boundary to them!' Elspat shuddered and stepped backward, but almost instantly resumed her firm and upright position, and her dauntless bearing. 'I thought thou wert a man but even now,' she said, 'and thou art again a child. Hearken to me yet, and let us leave this place together. Have I done thee wrong or injury? if so, yet do not avenge it so cruelly—see, Elspat Mac Tavish, who never kneeled before even to a priest, falls prostrate before her own son, and craves his forgiveness.' And at once she threw herself on her knees before the young man, seized on his hand, and kissing it an hundred times, repeated as often, in heart breaking accents, the most earnest entreaties for forgiveness. 'Pardon,' she exclaimed, 'pardon, for the sake of your father's ashes—pardon for the sake of the pain with which I bore thee, the care with which I nurtured thee!—Hear it, Heaven, and behold it, Earth—the mother asks pardon of her child, and she is refused!' It was in vain that Hamish endeavoured to steam this tide of passion, by assuring his mother, with the most solemn asseverations, that he forgave entirely the fatal deceit which she had practised upon him. 'Empty words,' she said; 'idle protestations, which are but used to hide the obduracy of your resentment. Would you have me believe you, then leave the hut this instant, and retire from a country which every hour renders more dangerous. Do this, and I may think you have forgiven me: refuse it, and again I call on moon and stars, heaven and earth, to witness the unrelenting resentment with which you prosecute your mother for a fault, which, if it be one, arose out of love to you.' Mother,' said Hamish, 'on this subject you move me not. I will fly before no man. If Barcaldine should send every Gael that is under his banner, here, and in this place, will I abide them; and when you bid me fly, you may as well command yonder mountain to be loosened from its foundations. Had I been sure of the road by which they are coming hither, I had spared them the pains of seeking me; but I might go by the mountain, while they perchance came by the lake. Here I will abide my fate; nor is there in Scotland a voice of power enough to bid me stir from hence, and be obeyed.' 'Here, then, I also stay,' said Elspat, rising up and speaking with assumed composure. 'I have seen my husband's death—my eyelids shall not grieve to look on the fall of my son. But Mac Tavish Mhor died as became the brave, with his good sword in his right hand: my son will perish like the bullock that is driven to the shambles by the Saxon owner who has bought him for a price.' 'Mother,' said the unhappy young man,' you have taken my life; to that you have a right, for you gave it: but touch not my honour! It came to me from a brave train of ancestors, and should be sullied neither by man's deed nor woman's speech."

The next morning and forenoon in the bothy are admirably painted: an hour later, Hamish is watching, like a sentinel, the opposite hill when his mother, standing beside him laid her hand on his shoulder, and said, in a tone indifferent, as if she had been talking of some friendly visit, 'When dost thou expect them?' 'They cannot be here till the shadows fall long to the eastward,' replied Hamish; 'that is even supposing the nearest party, commanded by Sergeant Allan Breack Cameron, has been commanded hither by express from Dumbarton, as it is most likely they will.' 'Then enter beneath your mother's roof once more; partake the last time of the food which she has prepared; after this let them come, and thou shalt see if thy mother is an useless encumbrance in the day of strife. Thy hand, practised as it is, cannot fire these arms so fast as I can load them; and, if it is necessary, I do not myself fear the flash or the report; and my aim has been held fatal.' In the name of Heaven, mother, meddle not with this matter! said Hamish."

Cameron does come, and from a misunderstanding is shot dead by Hamish, who is conveyed prisoner to Dumbarton, tried immediately,

and executed within a few hours. The whole had described in the most vivid and affecting manner. Mr. Michael Tyrie, the clergyman who had done him the last kind Christian offices, is returning homewards, when he is met by the now childless cateran. We pass the earlier colloquy.

"Elspat Mac Tavish (he says), I grieve to tell you the news.' 'I know them without thy speech,' said the unhappy woman—'my son is doomed to die.' 'Elspat,' resumed the clergyman, 'he was doomed, and the sentence has been executed.' The hapless mother threw her eyes up to heaven, and uttered a shriek so unlike the voice of a human being, that the eagle which soared in middle air answered it as she would have done the call of her mate. 'It is impossible!' exclaimed, 'It is impossible! Men do not condemn and kill on the same day! Thou art deceiving me. The people call thee holy—hast thou the heart to tell a mother she has murdered her only child?' 'God knows,' said the priest, the tears falling fast from his eyes, 'that, were it in my power, I would gladly tell better tidings—but these which I bear are as certain as they are fatal—my own ears heard the death shot, my own eyes beheld thy son's death—thy son's funeral.—My tongue bears witness to what my ears heard and my eyes saw. The wretched female clasped her hands close together, and held them towards heaven like a sibyl announcing war and desolation, while, in impotent yet frightful rage, she poured forth a tide of the deepest imprecations. 'Base Saxon churl!' she exclaimed 'vile hypocritical juggler! May the eyes that looked tamely on the death of my fairhaired boy be melted in their sockets with ceaseless tears, shed for those that are nearest and most dear to thee! May the ears that heard his death knell be deaf hereafter to all other sounds save the screech of the raven, and the hissing of the adder! May the tongue that tells me of his death and of my own crime, be withered in thy mouth—or better, when thou wouldst pray with thy people, may the Evil One guide it, and give voice to blasphemies instead of blessings until men shall fly in terror from thy presence, and the thunder of heaven be launched against thy head, and stop for ever thy cursing and accursed voice! Begone! with this malison.—Elspat will never, never again bestow so many words upon living man.' She kept her word—from that day the world was to her a wilderness, in which she remained without thought, care, or interest, absorbed in her own grief, indifferent to every thing else. With her mode of life, or rather of existence, the reader is already as far acquainted as I have the power of making him. Of her death, I can tell him nothing. Every attempt to place any person in her hut to take charge of her, miscarried, through the extreme resentment with which she regarded all intrusion on her solitude, or by the timidity of those who had been pitched upon to be inmates with the terrible woman of the Tree. At length, when Elspat became totally unable (in appearance at least) to turn herself on the wretched settle which served her for a couch, the humanity of Mr. Tyrie's successor sent two women to attend upon the last moments of the solitary, which could not, it was judged, be far distant, and to avert the shocking possibility that she might perish for want of assistance or food, before she sunk under the effects of extreme age, or mortal malady. It was on a November evening, that the two women appointed for this melancholy purpose arrived at the miserable cottage which we have already described. Its wretched inmate lay stretched upon the bed, and seemed almost already a lifeless corpse, save for the wandering of the fierce dark eyes, which rolled in their sockets in a manner terrible to look upon, and seemed to watch with surprise and indignation the motions of the strangers, as persons whose presence was alike unexpected and unwelcome. They were frightened at her looks; but, assured in each other's company, they kindled a fire, lighted a candle, prepared food, and made other arrangements for the discharge of the duty assigned them. The assistants agreed they should watch the bedside of the sick person by turns; but, about midnight, overcome by fatigue, (for they had walked far that morning,) both of whom fell fast asleep. When they awoke, which was not till after the interval of some hours, the hut was empty, and the patient gone. They rose in terror, and went to the door of the cottage, which was latched as it had been at night. They looked out into the darkness, and called upon their charge by her name. The night-raven screamed from the old oak tree, the fox howled on the hill, the hoarse waterfall replied with its echoes,—but there was no human answer. The terrified women did not dare to make farther search till morning should appear; for the sudden disappearance of a creature so frail as Elspat, together with the wild tenor of her history, intimidated them from stirring from the hut. They remained, therefore, in dreadful terror, some times thinking they heard her voice without, and at other times that sounds of a different description were mingled with the mournful sigh of the nightbreeze, or the dash of the cascade. Sometimes, too, the latch rattled, as if some frail and impotent hand were in vain attempting to lift it; and ever and anon they expected the entrance of their terrible patient, animated by supernatural strength, and in the company, perhaps, of some being more dreadful than herself. Morning came at length. They sought brake, rock, and thicket, in vain. Two hours after daylight, the minister himself appeared, and on the report of the watchers, caused the country to be alarmed, and a general and exact search to be made through the whole neighbourhood of the cottage, and the oak tree. But it was all in vain. Elspat Mac Tavish was never found, whether dead or alive; nor could there ever be traced the slightest circumstance to indicate her fate."

This very striking tale, one of the most impressive which the author ever penned, is followed by the Two Drovers, an interesting story, though of an inferior order.

The second volume contains a brief continuation of the doings of Chrystal Croftangry (about thirty pages), and the last tale, the Surgeon's Daughter. No where do we find the writer more happy than he is in all that relates to his assumed part of the Chronicler; he seems to have transfused himself into this new and original personage. He paints his anxieties of authorship as if this were really his *debut*; and there is a playfulness in the whole which is very charming. His MS. is ready, and he tells us with the *naiveté* of a neophyte:

"Frankly, I was ashamed to feel how childishly I felt on the occasion. No person could have said prettier things than myself upon the importance of stoicism concerning the opinion of others, when their applause or censure refers to literary character only; and I had determined to lay my work before the public with the same unconcern with which the ostrich lays her eggs in the sand, giving herself no farther trouble concerning the incubation, but leaving to the atmosphere to bring forth the young, or otherwise, as the climate shall serve. But though an ostrich in theory, I became in practice a poor hen, who has no sooner made her deposit, but she runs cackling about, to call the attention of every one to the wonderful work which she has performed. As soon as I became possessed of my first volume, neatly stitched up and boarded, my sense of the necessity of communicating with some one became ungovernable."

Janet M'Evoy will listen to him no longer; and, in the paucity of his intimates, he is compelled to throw himself on the opinions of Mr. Fairscribe, a genuine dry, parliament-lawyer, unacquainted with every thing in the world except legal business. That Gent. keeps the volume for a week, while the impatient author burns for his judgment. At length he procures an appointment, and goes an hour before the time. "I was (he says) at the door precisely as it struck four. The dinner hour, indeed was five punctually; but what did I know but my friend might want half an hour's conversation with me before that time? I was ushered into an empty drawing room, and from a needle-book and work-basket hastily abandoned, I had some reason to think I interrupted my little friend Miss Katie in some domestic labour more praiseworthy than elegant. In this critical age, filial piety must hide herself in a closet, if she has a mind to darn her father's linen. Shortly after, I was the more fully convinced that I had been too early an intruder, when a wench came to fetch away the basket, and recommend to my courtesies a red and green gentleman in a cage, who answered all my advances by croaking out, 'You're a fool—you're a fool, I tell you!, until, upon my word, I began to think the creature was in the right. At last my friend arrived, a little overheated. He had been taking a turn at golf, to prepare him for 'colloquy sublime.' And wherefore not since the game with its variety of odds, lengths, bunkers, tee'd balls and so on, may be no inadequate representation of the hazards attending literary pursuits. In particular, those formidable buffets which makes one ball spin through the air like a rifle shot, and strike another down into the very earth it is placed upon, by the maladroitness or the malicious purpose of the player—what are they but parallels to the favourable or depreciating notices of the reviewers who play at golf with the publications of the season, even at Altisidora, in her approach to the gates of the infernal region saw the devils playing at racket with the new books of Cervantes, days? Well, every hour has its end."

Fairscribe's criticisms, when they do come, are exquisite, and the humour of Sir Walter remarking on his own performance, by putting the observations into the mouth of another: heightens the effect to the utmost. He points out many inaccuracies, and the dialogue proceeds: 'Well, well, I own my fault; but, setting apart these casual errors, how do you like the matter and manner of what I have been writing, Mr. Fairscribe?' 'Why,' said my friend, pausing, with more grave and important hesitation than I thanked him for, 'there is not much to be said against the manner. The style is terse and intelligable, Mr. Croftangry, very intellible; and that I consider as the first point in every thing that is intended to be understood. There are indeed, here and there some flights and fancies, which I comprehend with difficulty, but I got to your meaning at last. There are people, that are like ponies, their judgments cannot go fast, but they go sure.' 'That is a pretty clear proposition, my friend; but then how did you like the meaning when you did get at? or was that, like some ponies, too difficult to catch, and, when catched, not worth the trouble?' 'I am far from saying that, my dear sir, in respect it would be downright uncivil; but since you ask my opinion, I wish you could have thought about something more appertaining to civil policy, than all this bloody work about shooting, and dirking, and downright hanging. I am told it was the Germans who first brought in such a practice of choosing their heroes out of the Porteous Roll; but, by my faith, we are like to be upsides with them. The first was, as I am credibly informed Mr. Scolar, as they call him; a scholar-like piece of work he has made of it, with his Robbers and thieves.' Schiller said I, 'my dear sir, let it be Schiller, or what you like,' said, Mr. Fairscribe; 'I found the book where I wish I had found a better one, and that is in Kate's work basket. I sat down, and, like an old fool, began to read; but there I grant, you have the better of Shiller, Mr. Croftangry.' 'I should be glad, my dear sir, that you really think I have *approached* that admirable author; even your friendly partiality ought not to talk of my having *excelled* him.' 'But I do say you have excelled him, Mr. Croftangry, in a most material particular. For surely a book of amusement should be something that one can take up and lay down at pleasure; and I can say justly, I was never at the least loss to put aside these sheets of yours when business came in the way. But, faith, this Shiller, sir does not let you off so hastily. I forgot one appointment on particular business, and I wilfully broke through another, that I might stay at home and finish this confounded book, which after all is about two brothers, the greatest rascals I ever heard of. The one, sir, goes near to murder his own father, and the other (which you would think still stranger) sets about to debauch his own wife."

This is, to our taste, most delightful; but we must now give our remaining short space to the Surgeon's Daughter which opens with an admirable portrait of Gideon Grey, a *doctor* in a Scottish country town, called Middlemas. It is not our purpose to anticipate the readers of this tale, by going into its minutiæ. In Dr. Grey's house a boy is mysteriously born, and in Dr. Grey's charge, under the name of the town, Richard *Middlemas*, the Child, is left. The character of Richard, as he grows up, is contrasted with that of Hartley, another apprentice of the worthy doctor, and Menie Grey, the only daughter of the latter is the heroine of the piece. As the narrative proceeds the father and mother of the orphan are again brought forward under pathetic and powerful circumstances; and then the scene changes to the East Indies, where the finale of the melancholy drama takes place. On eastern ground we do not esteem the author so fortunate as he is nearer home, and, indeed, throughout the whole of the tale he appears to have been constrained too much by actual facts so as to have left little for the exercise of his own extraordinary talents. Gideon Grey, his wife, Tom Hillary an attorney and crimp, Menie—the gentle Menie, Hartly, Richard, and nurse Jamieson, are excellently drawn; and the sketches of the Parents, of Clerk Lawford, of an hospital governor Seclencooper, of the Begum Montreville, and of Hyder Ali, are also very spirited, and true to the character. The most striking scenes are a quarrel between the two apprentices, (the noble-minded Hartley is, perhaps precocious in his knowledge of men and the world):—an hospital in the Isle of Wight; Richard's visit to his father and mother; and the catastrophe. With these indications, we keep our word not to interfere with the interest of the Surgeon's Daughter, which we bequeath entire to our readers, as having no fault but that of being "an ower true tale."

GLEANINGS ALONG SHORE.

Hypochondriacus leans on his arm,
The wind in his side doth him much harm,
And troubles him full sore God knows,
Much pain he hath and many woes;
About him pots and glasses lie
Newly bought from's apothecarie.
Burton's Anatomy.

RAMSGATE.—In the coffee-room, at the Castle Inn, I found an elderly gentleman and a Tom cat. The elderly gentleman was sitting in the darkest corner of a corner box.; but Tom cat was enjoying the warm sunshine on the sill of the bow-window. Tom was an old acquaintance of mine; but the elderly gentleman was a stranger to me, and therefore I thought it would be a breach of good manners not to pay my respects to him first. He was what Mr. Wordsworth would call a *noticeable* man; his age might be about fifty; he was tall and thin; his hair grizzled and scanty; his cheeks were lank, yellow, and whiskerless; his nose was rather purple, especially towards the tip: his abdomen was drawn in—greyhound-fashion; and his dress was a suit of rather rusty mourning—so much too roomy for him, that I could not help thinking he had a *penchant* for mourning, and had indulged himself with more of it than was absolutely necessary for his reasonable occasion. He was sitting with the fingers of both his hands crushed down between his thighs, and with one knee crossed over the other—his pendant leg hanging close down by the side of its fellow like the top-piece of a farmer's flail by the side of its handle. On the cold highly polished table before him, lay a white pocket handkerchief, a pair of under-limbed blue steel spectacles with pale blue specks, a well-worn pamphlet, entitled "A Treatise on Dyspepsia," a large tumbler of cold water, and an open box of pills; and on this arrangement of his property he seemed to be ruminating very intently.—Good morning to you, Sir," said I—"a very delightful day this?". To which genuine English salutation he replied, suddenly looking up, like one awaking from some dreary dream—"Eh? Oh!—good morning—yes, Sir, I believe it is;" and then having ejected an eructatory "boppff! he relapsed into his rumination. Heaven help the man! thought I—he is either very poorly, or hath a plentiful lack of good manners; and as I am neither a doctor of physic, to cure the one, nor a knight-errant, to correct the other, why should I obtrude my services upon him?

So I turned away from the strange elderly gentleman, and his pill-box and pamphlet, in the dark corner; to pay my respect to my old friend Tom Cot, in the sun-shiny bow-window—and a highly respectable cat he is—an Aldermanic cat—collar'd and corpulent—the premier cat upon the catalogue of Ramsgate cats; and for many years has he been enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* of his long and useful labours by sitting half asleep in this same sunny window, to receive the salutations and gentle pattings of bevies of fair dames and damsels as they pass by his window to the sands.—"Well, Tom, my old boy!—and how do *you* find yourself?—said I; and, like a well-bred cat as he is, he rose from his seat, arched his back, flourished his tail gently, sat soberly down again, and replied, "*Purrrh*;"—as much as to say, "pretty well, thank you." And *pretty well* is much, for a cat of thy years, thought I; and now I look at thee again, I perceive that symptoms of cataclasis have began to manifest themselves in thy sinister optic, since, I saw thee this time twelvemonths;—but never mind Tom; be thankful it's no worse; be moderate in all things; enjoy thy sunshine while thou may'st; and never bother thy catly brains with considering whether catarrh, cataract, cataclysm or catalepsy, shall bring about thy catastrophe;—so shalt thou avoid that lingering pest "*dyspepsia*," and be honoured with a catafalco at thy funeral.

It would be a hard matter to say exactly whether or not honest Tom exactly understood all this—especially as his attention was more than once called off, by the elderly gentleman in the corner exploding a loud "boppff!" However, when I had ended my advice, he again got up, rubbed his face against my hand, and again said "*purrrh*"—which I understood to signify that he took my advice kindly, though he might not exactly understand it; and we were just going to make some comments on a couple of puppies who were worrying each other, on the other side of the street, about a mutton bone which they both laid claim to—when the door of the coffee-room swung open, and in marched an awfully-whisker'd young gentleman—a regular-built R. Y. clubsman, in blue jacket, black neck-gear, wide flowing trowsers, and broad-striped red and white shirt. At three long lurching strides he brought himself up before the looking glass—set his legs apart to keep all steady—squinnied his *fizhonomy* on both sides—haul'd up his striped standards.—featherd his whiskers—sleugh'd himself round on his larboard peg—rolled round the table—tweak'd Tom Cat's ear—swopp'd his *starn* upon a seat—uncovered his knowledge box—poked his pair of five-prong'd forks through his top brush-work—dragg'd last week's *Sussex Advertiser* under his figure-head; and, making a sort of jib martingale of his fore-arms, he seemed to be settling himself down into a sort of an idea that he was going to try to read something or other. But unfortunately for that idea—if any such he had;—the eructatory gentleman in the corner happened just at that moment to explode again—"*boppff!*"—The yachtman stared at him; but the eructator remained poring upon his pamphlets and pill boxes as if nothing extraordinary had happened. The Yachtman then looked at me and Tom Cat, with his mouth wide open—for the purpose, as it appeared, of catching some information touching the cause of that seemingly ill-manner'd explosion; but as Tom Cat knew nothing about the matter, and I could only guess at it, we neither of us spoke. And so Yachtman shut his mouth again; dropp'd his head into his wide-spread forks, and resumed his studies upon the super *diem*-ated *Sussex advertiser*. But it was of no use; for he had scarcely settled himself to it again, when another and more tremendous "*boppff-baugh!*" was ejected from the old-quarter. "*Dam that!*" said the Yachtman; and, sliding the *Sussex Advertiser* across the table, he toss'd his topper upon his top, stuck his forks into his jackets pockets, and swung out of the room in such haste that he came with a lee lurch against the door-post and almost unshipp'd his shoulder. Tom Cat stared; and I smiled; but the elderly gentleman in the corner, so far from feeling any compunction for what he had done, repeated it more furiously than ever—"*bop. boppff!—baugh!*"

By and by, in comes a stiff, plump, rosy-faced, curly-headed, tight little gentleman, button'd up to the chin in a close-fitting, spick and span green surtout, drab tights, well strapp'd down and braced up; a white hat, cleverly cock'd aside; yellow bucksin gloves; and, in his nervous grasp, a close-roll'd brown silk umbrella, with the head of our gracious Sovereign, carved in ivory, by way of a handle to it. Bounce he came, into the middle of the room—looked smartly about for the bell-pull—found it in a moment—pluck'd it energetically; and then, bending himself slightly at the hip-joint, he placed his obtuse angle upon the edge of a seat, stuck his umbrella perpendicularly between his knees, and began playing a very merry devil's tattoo upon the top of his Majesty's ivory head.—"Did you ring, Sir?" demanded the almost breathless waiter. "Yes, the bill of fare." A bill of fare as long as my arm was handed to him instanter. His eye glanced down it in a moment.—"Soles, beef-steak, oyster sauce, chicken," said he. "When, Sir?" asked the panting waiter. "Now." was the prompt reply, and away ran the waiter like a lamplighter. "*Boppff! baugh,*" said the elderly gentleman in the corner, and thereupon the following colloquy ensued between them two:—

Seem troubled with wind, Sir?

Eh? oh! yes—rather so. I have the misfortune to be what they call—

Taking pills for it, Sir? you've a box of pills there I see.

Yes—no— these are not pills—not exactly pills—they are Dr. Kitchener's persuaders, and I—

D'ye think *water's* good for wind, Sir? you've got water there I see.

Yes, I drink water, but this Ramsgate water is such vile stuff, that—*boppff!*

Oh! the water's very good, Sir, very good, indeed—I find it very good.

Very good! why its quite brackish—strongly impregnated with saline parti—

Pooh! easily cure all that—dash it with a little *brandy*

Brandy! *rank poison!* and so are all spirituous liquors—a man might pour burning lava down his throat, with less injury to the coats of his—

No such thing? Sir—no such thing. What d'ye say to *wine*, then!

Wine? just as bad. Good for nothing but to create crudities and acidities and turn the stomach into a great vinegar bottle—*boppff!*"

A mistake, Sir,—a very wide mistake—never more mistaken in your life.

But I am not mistaken, Sir—I haven't drank a glass of wine these ten years *boppff!*—and what's more Sir, *boppff*—I never mean to taste another drop of it, Sir.

Sorry for you, Sir.—But what d'ye say to malt liquor, Sir—good sound *ale*, now?

Vile trash Sir;—fermenting wash converts

the gastric juice into yeast, and the digestive organ into a brewer's vat.

Sorry for you, Sir,---you enjoy your opinion, and I'll enjoy mine.

Opinion, Sir! what has opinion to do with it?—I am talking of facts---established facts, Sir; *boppff*! on the authority of the first medical men of the age. And as to enjoyment, Sir, there's no enjoyment in the matter at all—none whatever---*bop—boppff*!

So it seems, Sir;---but I shall enjoy my bottle of sherry and beef-steak nevertheless.---(Ringing the bell.)

Beef!—aye, there again;—what says Burton?---beef's a malancholy meat; and fish too---soles---you've ordered soles;---utterly indigestible, and no nutriment; and oyster sauce---wheew!---mercy on the stomach that can bear such a strange.---

Why what the plague *are* we to eat and drink?—Why are all these good thing sent us but to be ate and drink?

Good things, you call 'em, do you?

Yes, good things—I say they *are* good things. Perhaps you'd have us live upon acorns and beechnuts, as the pigs and ancient Britons used to do?

No, Sir,—acorns are totally indigestible, and excessively constringent. But give me leave to ask you one simple question.—Did you ever hear of such a thing as dyspepsia?

Dyspepsia?—Yes—and I don't believe a word of it.—Waiter, is my dinner coming?---(Directly, Sir.)

You don't believe in *dyspepsia*.

No, I don't,—all a parcel of confounded nonsense—a mushroom, sprung up in the hot-bed of the age of intellect. Our ancestors never dream't of such a thing,

Then let me tell you, Sir, that there is such a thing. I have felt it, Sir—I have it--- (*boppff*!)—and if I hadn't that good advice, Sir, I shouldn't have been able to get on at all. I first consulted Sir Astley Cooper, Sir.—

Aye, you had better have consulted your *wine cooper*.—

Oh! that's talking lightly, Sir. I say I have consulted Sir Astley—I have read Dr. Paris—consulted Abernethy—*bought his book*—studied it—got it by heart almost—consulted him again and again—ordered not to bother him any more—tried tonics, vegetable and mineral—stomachics and carminatives of all sorts, quack and regular—got more empty phials than would fill a cart—all of no use?—tried *little and often*—tried *six hours apart*—wore hare skin comforters—swallowed white mustard seed by the bushel—all of no use!—and now I've left town for the first time these seventeen years, on purpose to try what a little sea air would do for me, and can't get a drop of water fit to drink!—Sir, I wish you a good afternoon, and so saying he pocketed his pamphlet and peristaltic persuaders, and walked forth with a *bolt---bop---boppff!---bau---augh*.

"A *queer* old gentleman that?" said his plump opponent, as he lifted a sole of seven inches by eleven, on to his plate, and almost set it a swimming in melted butter, anchovy essence, catsup, and India soy. Very queer! thought I—almost as queer as the fact that what is sauce for the *goose* won't do for the *gander*; and, having wished Tom Cat a comfortable nap, I strolled out upon the beach, where I found a flock of sea gulls at dinner—the greedy rascals swallowing their fish, alive and kicking, as fast as they caught 'em. *Query*—Did anybody ever see a *dyspeptic* sea-gull?—and if not, would not their mode of dining be worth trying on the dyspeptic *animal implume bipes* on shore?

ATMOSPHERICAL REFRACTION.

Looking down the Bay on Sunday last, in the direction of the Narrows, we witnessed a deception of the sight, which made us think one Cotton Mather's miracles no longer apochryphal. We allude to that by which the early settlers of New Haven were so much alarmed. They had long been expecting the return of a supply ship, on board of which were many of their friends. At length, on a hazy day, they saw a ship in the air, with all her sails bent, and the illusion was so perfect that they fancied she was in the harbour, making her way gallantly to the dock—when lo! a mast fell one way, another broke off another way—one spar fell in this direction, another in that—until at length the whole ship broke to pieces, and literally dissolved into thin air. Unhappy omen! nor ship nor friends were ever heard of more. But fancy imparted to the shadow the exact form, size and appearance of the vessel which had been sent out, and whose return was so anxiously expected, and the prophetic spectre-ship of course became a supernatural revelation in the *mirabilia* of the voluminous historian of the pilgrim colonies. The account of its appearance was carefully drawn up by the Rev. Mr. Davenport, the minister of New Haven. It is possible that the ship itself, or rather the reflection of it, by the deceptive effects of fog and the ocean, was seen in the atmosphere, and that she suddenly, from some natural cause, went down in the sound, before making the harbour. Such an ocular deception was the case with a ship we saw on Sunday, which was apparently raised so high that a line drawn from it to the eye, would have made an angle of thirty degrees with the plane of the horizon. It seemed to be proudly floating above an immense volume of mist. The state of the atmosphere at the time of Cotton Mather's miracle was probably the same as with us on Sunday. Such illusions are not unusual in the arctic and antarctic seas, We recollect reading, some interesting accounts, we believe in Scoreby's narratives, of ships having been seen by that intrepid navigator in the clouds, for many miles before the top-mast could be descried with the best glasses from his own round tops. Three or four years since there was an instance of atmospherical refraction near Marblehead—an account of which was published in the *Boston Statesman*. The letter stated that fields, trees, and houses were distinctly marked out, and every shade and hue exhibited. The fashionable and romantic island of Nahant was likewise exactly and beautifully delineated, at the distance of several miles from its real situation. But the most remarkable instance of atmospherical refraction of which we have read, occurred at Hastings, in England, in July, 1798. The account before us states that this continued for three hours, and the refracted coast (the coast of France), though at a distance of forty or fifty miles, was plainly to be seen with the naked eye from sea shore, while at other times it could not be seen with a telescope, on account of its lowness. The fishermen, who had been in the habit of trading on the coast, pointed out from Hastings the places they were accustomed to visit, such as the Bay, the Old Head or Man, the windmill, &c. at Boulogne, St. Vallery, &c. on the coast of Picardy. From the eastern cliff of Hastings, which is of considerable height, the spectator could see Dungeness, Dover Cliffs, and the French coast from Calais to Dieppe. By the telescope, the French fishing boats were plainly to be seen at anchor; and the different colours of the land on the heights, with the buildings, were perfectly discernible. The same phenomenon was likewise observed at Winchelsea, and other places along the coast. The day was remarkably hot, without a breath of wind stirring.—*American Paper, August 29.*—

When a corpse is buried in Russia, it is attired in its best clothing, or in an expensive substitute for it; or, if the invidual held any situation under Government, in his appropriate uniform. This custom led to a singular occurrence on the decease of the late General Alabief. After his interment, a bill of 30,000 rubles was missing; suspicion fell upon his secretary, who was threatnened with a prosecution unless it was produced, Unable to account for the deficiency, the idea at length occurred to him that the paper might have been buried with his master; the coffin was opened, and the bill found safe in the General,s pocket.

Sir James Mackintosh's "History of Great Britain from the Revolution in 1688, to the French Revolution in 1789," has been long announced; but when it will make its appearance is uncertain. Sir James, we understand has expressed a hope that the work may not exceed three volumes in quarto, but it may extend to four. He has employed unwearied research in collecting his materials, and has already experienced a facilty of access to original papers, greater than even with his confidence in the liberality of the age and nation he could have ventured to hope.

THE VEIL OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—The veil, with which it is said the unfortunate Maria Stuart covered her head on the scaffold after the executioner had wounded her in the shoulder by a false blow, is still in existance, and is in the possession of Sir. J. C Hippisley, who claims to be descended from the Stuarts by the mother's side. That Gentleman had an engraving made from it, by Matteo Diottavi, in Rome, 1818, and gave copies to his friends. The veil is embroidered with gold, spangles, by, as is said, the Queen's own hand in regular rows, crossing each other, so as to form small squares, and edged with a gold border, to which another border has been subsequenly joined, in which the following words are embroidered in letters of gold:—"Velum Serenissimæ Mariæ Scotiæ et Galliæ Reginæ Martyris, quo induebatur dum ab Heretica ad mortem iustissimam condemnata fuit. Anno Sal. 1586 a Nobilissima Matrona Anglicana diu conservatum, et tandem, donationis ergo Deo, et Societati Jesu Consecratum." On the plate there is an inscription with a double certificate of its authenticity, which states that this veil, a family treasure of the expelled House of Stuart, was finally in possession of the last branch of that family, the Cardinal of York who preserved it for many years in his private, Chapel, among the most precious relics, and at his death bequeathed it to Sir. J. C. Hippisley, together with a valuable Plutarch, and a Codex with painted (illuminated) letters, and a gold coin struck in Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary; and it was specially consecrated by Pope Pius VII. in his Palace on the Quirinal, April 29, 1818.—According to a note on the plate, the veil is eighty-nine English inches long, and forty-three broad.

A worthy burgher of Kirkaldy, with the inherent passion for wandering characteristic of his countrymen, went, not long ago, to see the modern Babylon. On his return to the lang town o'Kirkaldy, he was speedily surrounded by his inquisitive townsmen, anxious to learn what the adventurous traveller had to report of London and its lions. One, more eager than the rest, and whose mind was wholly absorbed in the one idea of the great metropolis itself, interrupted the traveller's account of his peregrinations by land and water, with this interrogatory:—"John, I say, John, man, tell us at once what ye think o' Londun itsel';" which elicted the following oracular response:—"Deed, Tam, it's jdist a kintra side o'houses; a' the folk there can swear as well, if no better, than our Fife gentry, and a'the bairns can speak English like pea guns."

Clement VIII. once walking *incognito* to a parish church on the hills, not far from Bologna, in the way to Florence, met with two or three priests, who were commending the place for its situation, and one of them said," If that benefice was his, he would not care a d——n for the Pope himself." Clement, when he returned to Rome, sent for this priest who was struck with great fear and could say nothing but "*Beatissimo Padre perdonotemi.*" The Pope told him he was a man who had spoken dangerous words (repeating what he said about the benefice), and then gave him the living.

DON CARLOS D'ESPANA.

The Spanish General, known as Count d'Espana, to whom the pacification of Catalonia has just been confided, is the son of a Frenchman, who emigrated to Spain during the Revolution. His real name is Espague, which he naturalized, most probably, in order to please the people among whom he was serving, and disarm them of that antipathy they usually bear towards foreigners. In the army he was known by the simple denomination of Don Carlos de Espane; the title of Count has not appeared till lately, and its origin is not Spanish.

At the commencement of the war of independence, he commanded a battalion of chasseurs, of the new creation, and at the close of the national struggle he had already obtained the rank of Lieutenant-General. During the progress of the war he distinguished himself by the rashness of his enterprises, and his harsh treatment of the inhabitants of the country which he had adopted as his own, and where he had found rank and support. In the interval which intervened between the return of King Ferdinand in May, 1814, and the re-establishment of the Constitution in 1820, the chief trust confided to him was the Government of Tarragona, in which, as well as during his residence at Court, he rendered himself remarkable by a strange combination of hypocrisy and immorality.

In order to enjoy favour at Court, he inveighed bitterly against the fallen Government, to which he was indebted for all the distinctions he held. It need not be said, that he was an enemy of the Constitutionalists, and approved of all the acts of atrocity exercised against them.

The revolution in 1820 was by him unexpected, and one of its natural result was his removal from the Government of Tarragona. Don Carlos then courted solitude, and continued to reside in Spain, almost unknown and forgotten. No sooner, however, was the plan of a counter-revolution organized, than he proceeded to France, as is generally believed, at the express invitation of those who were labouring to effect another change in the Peninsula. This is the more probable, as, of all others, he was the man for an enterprise like that preparing against Spain. He was often consulted by the French Ministers; and the best plans on which the Duke d'Angouleme afterwards acted are known to have been his. He proceeded to the Congress of Verona, to support by his testimony that picture there drawn of the situation of Spain, which afterwards served as a sanction to the hostile aggression of the French.

From Verona he returned to France, and continued there, actively engaged in the preliminary preparations for the approaching invasion; a material part of which, independent of plans and advice, was an active correspondence with those persons in Spain, on whose co-operation it was presumable the Bourbons could rely, in the realization of their views. His local information enabled him to point out partisans, and his suggestions materially aided in that successful scheme of bribery and seduction so extensively practised by the French. Every thing being arranged, he accompanied the Bourbon armies to Spain, and the "grandson of St. Louis" had certainly nothing to complain of Don Carlos' devotion, zeal, activity, or advice. His diplomatic mission to Verona, and his services rendered to the French, made him too conspicuous to be overlooked by King Ferdinand; and after the release of the latter, he became a favourite at Court. Since that period he has been particularly known as the enemy and pursuer of his former colleague and countryman, Bessieres, who, it will be remembered, about two years ago, started a plan similar to the present one of the Catalonians, and nearly took Madrid; but was afterwards shot. Subsequently Don Carlos laboured hard to reorganize the royal guards of his master.

As a military officer, in justice it must be said of Count de Espana, that he is the most eligible man the Spaniards have for operations which are to be decided by a *coup de main*; those in which courage, or rashness, rather than science, are required. He cannot be considered sufficiently subordinate as an inferior, nor sufficiently severe as a general. On the first fire a kind of phrenzy seizes upon him, which renders him incapable of concerting measures, or watching the movements of his enemy, so as to avail himself of his errors. He foams at the mouth; and so much are his feelings roused, that he does not know those who surround him, and in those moments of rage he has been known to insult his greatest friends. Out of action, although calm and serene, he does many rash things. In the night, he has frequently made the Staff Officers on duty accompany him, and rushed on his own advanced centinels, as if about to surprise them, to see whether they were on the alert, running the risk of their fire. On occasions like these, he has had some narrow escapes.

His habitual character is violent, and the people over whom he has held sway consider him as a scourge; they dreaded his presence like that of an enemy; his horsewhip was a favourite instrument of punishment, and he applied it lustily on those who incurred his displeasure, without respect to age or sex. The constituted authorities were frequently the first against whom he exercised this abominable abuse of power. It is related of him, that whilst he was adjutant of the regiment of Bourbon, he made such frequent use of his staff, which, in Spain is the emblem of office, that he was deprived of it by order of the King.

He is said to have been extremely rapacious as well as ambitions during the war of independence. By this means also he seized on the plate and valuables of several Churches; and of the silver chains and other valuables which he took from the Church of Aliseda, in Estremadura, he made a public parade. He was, in short, an adept at every thing like contributions. His great confidant and assistant in these acts, as well as others of a different class, was an accommodating chaplain, who always accompanied him during the war, and for whom he afterwards obtained from the King a canonship in one of the best Cathedrals in Spain. The *soi-disant* Count is very devout, prays in public, and kisses the garments of the Friars, though a reputed libertine. He speaks a little English, and feigns to be a great friend of the British. With an officer of this class it would be difficult to say how Catalonia is to be pacified. The present insurrection, besides is greatly in his own style, and its leaders were once his most cordial friends.

DRY ROT.—Mr. Lingard declares that he has discovered a composition which will prevent the intrusion and arrest the progress of the dry rot. He assumes, as his fundamental principle, that all the elements of the living tree exist in timber. The action of those elements, he says, although suspended when the tree is felled, and apparently extinct, are liable to be again called into action by the application of moisture and heat. Timber not having the faculty, like the living tree, of discharging by growth or foliage the matter generated by the renewed action, a putrid fermentation ensues, and decomposition, or rot, follows as a certain consequence. He says, that all changes in vegetable matter are effected by fermentation, either organic or putrid—the organic fermentation is produced by water taken up through the roots into the pores of the living tree; the putrid, by the admission of water into the vegetable substances no longer growing, *e. g.* timber. There is a natural tendency in timber to imbibe moisture, and the virtue of the remedy proposed is said to consist in its power of rendering timber in all situations impervious to damp and unaffected by any changes in the atmosphere. The experimental tests by which Mr. Lingard considers this quality in his composition to be proved, are various. He states, that pieces of different kinds of wood, prepared with the composition, have been immersed for long periods in water, and that when taken out no increase of weight was perceivable. The same pieces were then exposed to the influence of heat—in the sun's rays, and in an oven---without experiencing any diminution of weight or distortion of shape. A piece of oak, saturated with the composition, was put into boilling water, and kept in that state for six hours; but no effect was produced either on the compound or on the condition of the wood. Pieces of prepared timber have been deposited in confined damp situations for a length of time without exhibiting any symptoms of decay or fungus. Another property in the composition, upon which he lays particular stress, is the induration and strength which he asserts it will impart to timber. The soft and porous parts are rendered by the application equal in strength and quality to the heart of the tree.—*The Morning Chronicle, Oct. 30.*

THE GROWTH OF WOOL IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.—Some wools have recently been delivered from Van Diemen's Land, which a number of competent judges, who are conversant in the article, declare will command the European markets. Our English wools, they say, cannot be compared to them. Some sheep were sent over to the Colony from Saxony, and the improvement, according to the specimens furnished, is unparalleled. The first year's clippings are pronounced to be 20 per cent. superior in fineness, and, therefore, in value, to the best Saxony wools, produced in the European market.

The order of precedence, as it affects the daughters of peers, has something very strange in it. It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that unmarried daughters have always the same rank as their eldest brother, during the life-time of the father; and this independent of the particular title which by courtesy the brother may bear. A Duke's eldest son, for instance, ranks as a Marquis; consequently, all his sisters, unmarried, have the rank of Marchionesses, though he himself should be nominally but an Earl or Baron. For the title of Marquis being less ancient than the latter, is not the second title of the oldest and highest Dukes of the realm. The Duke of Norfolk's eldest son is only Earl of Surry, and the Duke of Somerset's eldest son but Baron Seymour, Still their daughters would all rank as Marchionesses till they married, and under particular circumstances, even afterwards; which forms one of the strangest anomalies of all. For, if a Duke had ten daughters, and three of whom were to marry Earls, three Viscounts, and three Barons, and the tenth and youngest should marry her father's footman, the latter would retain her rank of Marchioness, and go before all her elder sisters, though every one of them were Peeresses.—(*Heraldic Anomalies.*)

DR. CHALMERS.

(From the Belfast Northern Whig.)

There is a plain, and even austere simplicity in the Presbyterian mode of worship, which appears to peculiar advantage when connected, as it sometimes must necessarily be, with show and parade. Addressing itself solely to the intellect, it must depend on deep piety, or strongly excited feeling, for those effects which, in other churches, are produced by the pealing organ, the splendid liturgy, and the pompous rite. In the several circumstances attendant on the opening of the new Presbyterian Meeting-House, on Sunday last, there were many arrangements to be made, previous to the commencement of public worship, which were calculated to dispel those feelings upon which the effect of that worship so essentially depends. The crowds assembled around the house; the ceremonious bustle for the accommodation of the congregation; the interchange of salutations among Presbyterian divines, assembled from various quarters; the glance cast towards the door, at the roll of the carriage without announced the arrival of some personages of wealth or fashion;—nay, the very light that streamed so broadly and cheerfully through the windows of this really beautiful building, gave to the congregation of more than 1200 persons the appearance of a people rather collected to witness a public spectacle, than assembled for the purpose of public worship. Curiosity, we have no doubt,

[*Continued in the Second Supplement.*]

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2ND 1823.

[*Continued from the Supplement.*]

was the predominant feeling, when nearly all the congregation in the galleries rose to obtain a view of Dr. Chalmers, as he walked up to the pulpit in his gown, at the appointed hour; and, if we may judge of others by ourselves, we have a moral certainty that this feeling was, *for some time*, succeeded by disappointment. Dr. Chalmers commenced the service of the day by reading a part of the 89th psalm. A voice, low without melody, and occasionally harsh without strength, and a pronunciation strongly tinctured with the accent of his native Doric, were the only peculiarities we could at first recognise, of the many which, we were given to understand, were attached to the manner of this eloquent and highly-gifted divine. While the psalm was singing, we were employed, as perhaps many others were, in scanning the features of him who was to go through the services of the day. Dr. C. is apparently between 50 and 60 years of age. A disciple of Lavater could scarcely decipher any extraordinary intelligence in his countenance;—though the leaden and melancholy eyes, almost shrouded by the drooping and half-closed lids—the classic curve of his lips, and the thoughtfulness that rests upon the whole conteur of his face, give a cast of genius to features which otherwise are common-place enough. But the enthusiast in phrenology would have full scope for the exercise of his speculative theory, in scanning the lofty forehead, of almost marble paleness, surmounted by locks of crisp and grizzled dark hair. And, certainly, it requires no very extraordinary stretch of imagination, for those who give credence to that system, to trace, in the massive developements of the temples and forehead of this eloquent divine, the indications of that clear and illustrative ratiocination, by which his sermons are distinguished; and to account, by the extraordinary breadth of the head in the regions of Identity, for that magnificent and poetic imagination that gives such richness of colouring to his style, and that sometimes indulges in lights which cold criticism condemns, because it cannot follow. Even when the congregation rose to join in the solemn supplication to the Almighty, we could not help perceiving, that the manner of Doctor Chalmers in prayer was strongly tinctured with that peculiarity which has often been remarked in many of the Presbyterian clergy, and which is particularly observable in Scotland. It was more like the address of a man to an earthly friend whom he loved and respected, than the aspirations of an erring mortal to his Maker in Heaven. But this we felt not long. The beautifully simple and scriptural language first riveted our attention; cold and callous must be the heart of him, who could listen long to the prayer of Dr Chalmers, without feeling, for the moment at least, something of the piety which is then visible in his very countenance. But it was when he entered upon his sermon, that he made those impressions upon his hearers which cannot easily be effaced. While the rigidity of his face became relaxed, while the leaden eye became lighted and enlarged by high-wrought enthusiasm,—the defects of voice—the national accent—the peculiarities of gesture and manner, which in any other preacher would be ungraceful, nay, the originality of the ideas, and the copious richness of the style, were all forgotten; while the minds of those who listened were fully engrossed, or rather identified, with the fervent, the kind, the philanthropic and the Christian piety of this truly great and good man.

THE POET COLERIDGE.

(*From Soligny's Letters*),

I have heard Coleridge speak, and when one has enjoyed that happiness, it seems to be an understood thing that he may be as enthusiastic as he pleases in his admiration of Coleridge's genius, without being accused of extravagance. In fact, the first evening passed in company with Coleridge, if he be in a humour for talking, (and when is he not so?) forms an epoch in a man's life. For my part I had no idea of what is called the natural gift of eloquence before I was present at that extraordinary spectacle, for it is literally a spectacle. You cannot speak yourself or hear any one else speak. Where Coleridge is, all conversation is suspended. You listen to *him*, and to no other, and you can wish for nothing more.

No comparison can be drawn between his written and his spoken prose. If what he says in one evening could be noted down, it would surpass all the prose he has ever published, whether considered with respect to depth of ideas, happy images and allusions, extent and variety of knowledge, purity, and elegance of diction. His conversation is as extraordinary as the game of chess, played by the automaton which was exhibited some years ago in Paris. You sit mute and motionless with admiration and surprise. It is quite impossible to embarass or put him out. One might almost say that he is like the automaton wound up by a spring, and must go on to the end, But when will be the end? That no one can guess; and thus the spectators often rise and go out in the middle of the game, not being able to foresee when it shall come to a close. Coleridge, too, like the automaton, always wins. I have heard that he never allowed any man to gain the slightest advantage over him. In fact, were it not evident that he feels all he says, at the very moment when he is speaking, he might be looked upon as a piece of machinary, which speaks and speaks on, because it cannot do otherwise.

But perhaps Coleridge's eloquence may more justly be compared to Catalani's singing. It is as rich, as brilliant, as dazzling, as inexhaustible, Catalani cannot be followed by the performers in the orchestre, whose business it is to accompany her, and to fill up the pauses of her song; and Coleridge's conversation may perhaps be full of mistakes and solecisms. But what matters it? Who can detect false intonation in the singing of Catalani, or solecisms in the eloquence of Coleridge? Perhaps the magical charm of both the singer and the speaker, consists in the air of sincere feeling which accompanies every syllable they utter; and this in a great measure depends on the heavenly, though somewhat vague smile that plays upon their lips. However, it must be confessed that in listening to them, one is inclined to be very soon *satisfied*, if not *satiated*. They surprise and delight for a time; but they are too much above our understanding; they perhaps touch our self-love too nearly to produce any lasting sympathy. Their exquisite simplicity, and the air of perfect good nature and sincerity, impressed on their countenances, are the charms which have rendered them so long supportable.

CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE OSTRICH.

(*From the London Weekly Review.*)

The ostrich is polygaminous, and at the time of breeding usually associates to himself from two to six females. The hens lay all their eggs together in the same nest which is merely a shallow cavity scraped in the ground, of such a shape as to be conveniently covered by one of the birds. The eggs are placed upon their points, and the earth which has been scraped to form the nest is employed to confine the outer circle, and keep the whole in their proper position. The hens relieve each other in the office of incubation during the day, and the male takes his turn at night when his superior strength is required to protect the eggs or the new-fledged young from the jackals, tiger cats, and other enemies, which are not unfrequently, it is said, found lying dead near the nest, destroyed by a stroke from the powerful foot of the gigantic bird.

So many as sixty eggs are sometimes found at a nest; but a much smaller number are also common; and incubation is occasionally performed by a single pair of ostriches. Each female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs. They continue to lay during incubation, and even after the young brood are hatched; the supernumery eggs are not placed in the nest, but around it, being designed to assist in the nourishment of the young birds, which, though when first hatched are as large as a pullet, are probably unable at once to digest the hard and acrid food on which the old ones subsist. The period of incubation is from thirty six to forty days. In the heat of the day the nest is occasionally abandoned by all the birds, the heat of the sun being then sufficient to keep the eggs at the proper temperature.

An ostrich egg is considered as equal in its contents to twentyfour of the domestic hen. When taken fresh from the nest, they are very palatable, and are wholesome though somewhat heavy food. The best mode of cooking them that I have seen is that practised by the Hottentots, who place one end of the egg in the hot ashes, and, making a small orifice at the other, keep stirring the contents with a small stick till they are sufficiently roasted; and thus, with a seasoning of salt and pepper, you have a very nice omelade.

The ostrich of South Africa is a prudent and wary animal, and displays little of that stupidity ascribed to it by some naturalists. On the borders of the colony, at least when it is eagerly pursued for the sake of its valuable plumage, this bird displays no want of sagacity in providing for its own safety, or the security of its offspring. It adopts every possible precaution to conceal the place of its nest; and uniformly abandons it, after destroying the eggs, if the eggs have been disturbed, or the footsteps of man are discovered near it. In relieving each other in hatching, the birds are never observed to approach it in a direct line. Some of the colonists on the skirts of the Karroo and other remote districts, make the pursuit of the ostrich one of their principal and most profitable amusements. Du Ploit shewed me five or six skins of ostriches he had lately killed. He said, however, that it was exceedingly difficult to get within musket-shot of them, owing to their constant vigilance, and the great distance to which they can see. The fleetest horse, too, will not overtake them, unless stratagem be adopted to tire them out; but by several huntsmen taking different sides of a large plain, and pursuing them back and forward till their strength is exhausted, they may be at length run down. If followed up too eagerly this chase is not destitute of danger, for the huntsman has sometimes had his thigh-bone broken by a single stroke from the wing of a wounded ostrich. The beautiful white feathers so highly prized by the ladies of Europe, are found on the tail only of the male bird.

The food of the ostrich consists of the tops of the various shrubby plants which even the most arid parts of South Africa produce. This bird is so easily satisfied in regard to water, that he is constantly to be found in the most parched and desolate tracts, which even the antelopes and beasts of prey have deserted. His cry at a distance is said so much to resemble that of a lion, that even the Hottentots are sometimes deceived by it. When not hatching, they are frequently seen in troops of thirty together, or amicably associated with herds of zebras or quaghas, their fellow tenants of the wilderness. When caught young, the ostrich is easily tamed; but it does not appear that any attempt has been made to apply his great strength and swiftness to any purpose of practical utility.

Discovery in Africa.—The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Ashman, agent of the Colonization Society, to the Board at Washington:—"An excursion of one of our people to the interior, to the distance of 140 miles, had led to the discovery of the populousness and comparative civilization of this district of Africa, never, till within a few months, even conjectured by himself. The same individual is now absent on a second journey; the particulars of both I hope to be able to present to the Board by the next conveyance. In the mean time, it may not be without interest to observe, that we are situated within 50 Leagues of a country in which a highly improved agriculture prevails; where the horse is a common domestic animal; where extensive tracts of land are cleared and inclosed; where every article absolutely necessary to comfortable life is produced by the soil, or manufactured by the skill and industry of the inhabitants; where the Arabic is used as a written language in the ordinary commerce of life; where regular and abundant markets and fairs are kept, and where a degree of intelligence and partial refinement distinguishes the inhabitants, little compatible with the personal qualities attached in the current notions of the age to the people of Guinea. Mr. Ashman proceeds, to state, that it has been the policy of the neighbouring tribes to shut out as much as possible the colonists from the interior, and even to conceal from them the fact of the existence of such a people as are now found in possession of the country at a little distance from the coast. The reason he states to be, is their "desire to possess themselves of the streams of commerce, by concealing the remote sources of their gain." It is now ascertained beyond all doubt, that the inland tribes are anxious to open a direct communication with the colony, as a large proportion of the exports from the colony are at present, from these interior regions. It is believed that opening a free passage will double the amount. Arrangements are making accordingly to effect this object by amicable negociations with the coast tribes, and Mr. Ashman thinks there is a promise of speedy and entire success.—*New York Advertiser.*

AMERICAN PHENOMENON.

GREAT OPENING IN THE EARTH, IN SUTTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

This immense chasm, which has been called for a great number of years "Purgatory," is situated in the south part of Sutton, near the centre of what is called the "Great South Woods," about three and a half miles from the Meeting-house. It is nearly half a mile in length, and from seventy-five to one hundred feet in width. Without measuring the distance from the top to the bottom, it would be estimated very differently by different individuals. The distance from the top to the bottom is about 114 feet. When I speak of the bottom, I mean the principal level in the chasm, not including the great number of apertures, which open in this bottom, and into which one may descend, a distance bounded rather by probable danger than any mechanical obstruction; these are to be noticed hereafter.

On first entering this immense opening an indescribable sensation must be awakened in the breast of every individual who delights in contemplating the works of omnipotence. Vast perpendicular walls of solid granite bound the observer on either side; huge rocks huddled together in chancelike insecurity beneath his feet; the proudest trees of a primitive forest mouldering into dust, with here and there a scattering tree seemingly begging sustenance from adamantine rocks, for a moment behold the spectator in awe, wonder, and admiration. In advancing forward new scenes present themselves for examination. A little opening in the common level, at the feet of the observer, in dimension only sufficient to admit the descent of a single man, when once entered, becomes in extent ample for the accommodation of a vast number. One of the gentlemen of our party states, that he entered one of these apertures at least thirty feet, and stopped there, rather from the darkness and dampness of the place, than from any obstacles that would have impeded his progress in advancing farther.

The feeling of security that accompanies one while in those deep recesses is more the consequence of known precedents than well established security founded upon observation, for in many instances huge rocks above seemed confined only by a single point, which *perhaps* would support many hundred pounds, or which *possibly* might be detached by the weight of a few ounces. At first it seemed probable that there would be danger in these caverns from meeting with a deleterious gas known by the name of carbonic acid gas, the same that is sometimes met with in wells, vats, and other sunken holes, and the same also that is produced by the combustion of charcoal, but as no accidents have ever occurred from this cause, it is probable that this gas does not there collect in sufficient quantities, if at all, to become dangerous.

In the warm months, particularly July and August, there issues from these apertures a thick damp mist, in such quantities as to become visible and I would almost venture to say tangible. These alone would produce a very unpleasant sensation, but when connected with a temperature as high as 25 degrees, it becomes chilling and oppressive. This circumstance, I apprehend, constitutes the greatest danger in visiting this place. On the common level the temperatures would, at this season, probably range from 80 to 95; in descending one of these smaller openings, the temperature would not exceed 35 degrees. Here is a sudden change of 45 or 50 degrees, quite sufficient to check a free perspiration, which every one finds himself in, after leaping over logs and rocks some hours or more.

Towards the lower end of the chasm stands a large birch tree, growing out among the rocks in the great common level, the circumference of which must be at least five feet.—From among the roots of this tree a fine spring of water commonly issues at which the visitant may usually satisfy any laudable cravings he may have for this simple beverage. The spring is completely dry at this time owing to the dry weather. Our guide told us, that he never saw it in this state before. However, a few feet above this, and on the opposite side of the tree, we found among the rocks some exceedingly fine water, without much trouble obtained a sufficiency for the use. Ice is usually found in abundance just below this spring in all seasons of the year. The writer has obtained it there in June, July, and August.

The origin of this chasm is lost among the thousand other events that have transpired in remote ages, and tradition assigns no causes for it, that a conjecture now would be only adding to the confusion. It is said that the devil has been seen there, thrusting his fiery tongue out of the deepest recesses with immeasurable velocity, and declaring this to be the entrance to his mighty kingdom. A very good story might be made out of this by Mr. Irving, especialy if he could find a Tom Walker or a Dutchman to lend a hand; or, were it a little nearer to the North Pole, Captain Symmes might convert it to a useful purpose. But not to be tedious, this immense quantity of stone, we believe, will one day be removed for the purpose of building, or what-

ever else it might be required for. So extensive is the quarry, that I have no doubt that a village as large as Worcester might be built with materials carried from it, and a man of good judgment declares his conviction, that the city of Boston might be result from the same source. A railway might be constructed from the chasm to the Blackstone canal, the distance being only about four miles, thence to any place on the canal, the stone could be carried with great ease. The rock is all of the granite kind, and could be wrought into blocks or columns of almost any dimensions. There is one single rock there which I do not hesitate to state will weigh five thousand tons, and it may be three times the weight. This rock forms one of the highest points on the left hand margin as we go down, and corresponds with one of the same height on the opposite side. The two faces show evidently that they were united, as do the faces of the perpendicular walls generally. Beautiful specimens of mica slate may be obtained near the spring; quartz also finely set, and some specimens of stence may be met with. The geologist would do well to visit this place, making science his principal object. In fine, I would recommend all to go to the Sutton Chasm. I believe it to be one of the most striking curiosities we have this side of the White Mountains, and richly worth the journey of a day to see it.—*National Ægis.*

Frightful Descent of a Balloon.—It was publicly announced at Wakefield, during the past week, that on Saturday, Mr. Brown would ascend in his balloon from a vacant piece of ground situated in Wood Street, and opposite the Woodman Inn. A vast concourse of people assembled to witness the noble scene. About half-past five, all things being in a state of readiness, and the day extremely fine, the order was given to 'let go,' and the balloon rose slowly and majestically. It soared steadily to the clouds, in a westerly direction, and entered them in about five minutes after its ascension. While the spectators were yet gazing to catch another glimpse of the gorgeous vehicle and its aerial passenger, they were suddenly seized with the greatest terror for his safety, as the balloon re-appeared beneath the clouds, making the most rapid and apparently uncontrolled approach to the earth. Soon the frantic voice of the aeronaut was heard in fearful exclamation, and the balloon seemed to have collapsed, presenting no longer a sherical or round appearance. The gyrations or whirlings of the balloon and car were frightful in the extreme, and the worst apprehensions were entertained. But a few moments elasped, and the descent was completed at a distance of two miles from Wakefield, and near the village of Flanshaw. The accident, we are informed, partially occurred from the inexperience of the young aeronaut, and the suddeness and novelty of the attack against which he had to contend. He says, that, on entering the clouds, the balloon and car became violently agitated, and perfectly unmanageable from the violence of the wind in this upper region which amounted almost to a hurricane. Fearful for his own safety, and entering this stormy current, finding in an instant the greatest difficulty in retaining his seat, in the agitation of the moment he seized a rope, unfortunately the one gave command of the safety valve, which on being opened, the gas rushed out of the balloon to such an extent, its buoyancy was nearly destroyed before Mr Brown was aware of the great error he had committed. He continued, however, to keep possession of the car, and probably from the small quantity yet remaining in the balloon, and from the nature of the ground where he fell—sloping grassy hillock, his life is most miraculously preserved, and his person but slightly injured.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

Forcible Argument.—During the time of the great popularity of the Rev. Robert Hall, of Cambridge, a learned Bishop called to pay him a visit. "It is strange," said the Bishop, "that you, who write on many subjects so exactly in accordance with my sentiments, should yet look upon religion in a different light."—"My Lord," replied the Dissenting Minister, "We view the subject through different media. I will explain the reason to you." He then wrote the words "*Lord Jesus*" on a piece of paper, and showing them to the Bishop, demanded if he could read them? "Certainly," replied the "reverend Father in God;" "and I also," responded Mr. Hall. He then placed a guinea over the words, and again demanded if the Bishop could read them? The Bishop, of course, answered in the negative; but the argument was sufficient to convince him of the cause of the difference in their religious views.

Civic Purity.—A poor Italian vendor of images was taken before the Lord Mayor on Monday, charged by the street keeper of Walbrook Ward, with offering "an image for sale" (exhibiting to his Lordship the plaster cast of a sleeping Venus), which he (the street-keeper) considered "indecent, not to say indelicate." the poor boy, not understanding what was going forward, looked at the street-keeper and laughed, as if in derision. The Lord Mayor told him it was no laughing matter; that he did not mind letting him go this time, but if caught again so offending, he would be punished. Then addressing the officers, he desired them to make the boy understand, that he must not come again into the City, unless he put petticoats on his figures. All the taste (added he) is on the other side of Temple-bar, where he must keep.—The Italian went away laughing.

ISLAND OF JERSEY.

The laws, and many of the customs of this Island, are derived from the Normans. Their historians speak with great respect and admiration of the celebrated Rollo I., whom they represent as "a worthy ruler, and especially famed for his great love and strict observance of justice." A custom prevailed in his time, that in case of any encroachment, oppression, or violence of any kind, the aggrieved party needed only thrice to repeat aloud, "Ha Ro," as much as to say. "O Rollo, my Prince, succour me," and the aggressor attempted any thing further at his peril. A notable example of the power of this exclamation was seen at William the Conqueror's funeral. In order to build the great abbey of St. Stephen, at Caen, the Conqueror caused several houses to be pulled down, and neglected to satisfy one of the owners for his loss. The son of this person observing the grave for the Conqueror to be digged on the very spot of ground which had been the site of his father's house, came boldly into the assembly and forbade them, in the name of Rollo, to bury the body there, addressing them in these words. "He who oppressed kingdoms by his arms, has been my oppressor also, and has kept me under a continual fear of death. Since I have outlived him who has injured me, I mean not to acquit him now he is dead. The ground where you are going to lay him is mine; and I affirm that none may in justice bury their dead in ground which belongs to another. If, after he is gone, force and violence are still used to detain my right from me, I appeal to Rollo, the founder and father of our nation, who, though dead, lives in his laws. I take refuge in those laws, owning no authority above them." The "Ha Ro" was respected, the man had compensation made him for his wrongs, and the body of the King was then, and not till then, suffered to be laid in the grave.

In the reign of Queen Mary, Richard Averty, a Popish Priest, was hung in Jersey by sentence of the Royal Court of the Island, in spite of the opposition of the Dean. He was a great persecutor of the married clergy, but at the same time lived incontinently, and, in order to hide his shame, murdered his infant child unknown to its mother. He was tried, found guilty, and executed by the Court, which was deemed a great act of courage, considering the credit and power of the Romish Clergy during Mary's reign. The Court of Guernsey showed a very different spirit. A poor aged widow and her two daughters were condemned to be burnt for heresy. One of the daughters was married to Perrotine Massey (a Protestant Minister who fled to save his life), and on the eve of confinement, when she came to suffer, as the violence of the flames increased, a lovely boy fell from her on the faggots. The child was taken up and carried to the Magistrates, who sent it back, ordering it to be thrown in with the mother. The cruel command was obeyed, and the babe perished. The Protestants of France being cruelly persecuted during the reign of Elizabeth, above fifty of their Ministers fled to Jersey, where they met with a kind reception, and were held in great esteem.—*World*

EDINBURGH ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.

This Museum has been open to the public, and the neat manner in which the whole is arranged, the accuracy with which every article is labelled, and kept in the best state of preservation, and placed so as to be open for minute inspection, reflect the greatest credit on those concerned. There is a common prejudice existing, of attempting, on all occasions, to throw ridicule on the pursuits of the antiquary; nothing can show less taste, or greater ignorance. Antiquarian researches are often of great and acknowledged use in ascertaining facts of history, throwing light on the arts and sciences, and in various other ways. But even, as a source of amusing study, no one can enter these apartments without having his mind carried back to days of old, and filled with a thousand associations, called up in pleasing retrospect. Here is the very identical "maiden," or guillotine, the invention of Morton, and by which he himself first, and many afterwards, suffered—the pulpit in which John Knox thundered forth his anathemas against Popery—innumerable swords and battleaxes, which have one day cleft the heads of many foemen, but which are now mouldered into dust, and lying perhaps beside the very burned dust of those whom they have slain—camp kettles, in which a Roman soldier has one day boiled his rations of beef on the field of battle—and lamps, coins, mummies, and images, without number. An old trunk of a tree, lying in a corner, might be thought a piece of useless lumber; but when we consider that some hundred years ago, perhaps in some balmy summer evening, the beautiful, but hapless Mary of Scotland, retiring from the artificial gaieties of her court, planted with her own fair hand the small twig—that it grew up under her eye to be a stately tree—that it flourished long after she was laid low—that tradition pointed it out, generation after generation, as "Queen Mary's tree"—that at last it too yielded to time, and all remains of it is the trunk before us—we say even this old stump cannot be viewed without deep interest. The "maiden" is an appalling machine, perhaps from the various associations connected with it. It is simple enough in its construction—the whole machinery consisting—of a sharpedged piece of steel fixed in a large heavy mass of lead, which, by being suspended in a heavy wooden frame, is made to fall suddenly from a height of eight or ten feet, and in this way severs the head from the body. There is the original address of the Highland Chiefs to George I. previous to the rebellion of 1715, containing all their autographs, and many other very curious things, which deserve a more particular notice than we have leisure to give.—*Edinburgh Saturday's Post.*

Literature.

The History of the Battle of Agincourt; and of the Expedition of Henry the Fifth into France. By NICOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, Esq. F. S. A. Johnson, 1827.

The battle of Agincourt, as it was the last great conflict of the times of chivalry, was in many respects the most extraordinary. It was fought on the 25th of October, 1415. It is, perhaps, from that singular association of ideas which is called forth by anniversaries, that we have been led to peruse, with more than usual earnestness, the abundant details of this event, collected together in the volume before us, which is very recently published. Be that as it may, we have derived no inconsiderable pleasure from the researches of Mr. Nicolas; and we shall endeavour to communicate some portion of our own enjoyment to our readers, by condensing, in a short compass, the leading facts of this wonderful narrative.

The character of Henry V. was precisely adapted to the times in which he was born, and to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Enterprising, fearless, persevering, generous, pious, he was made to be a leader of chivalry, and to earn an imperishable distinction by those glittering but unsubstantial virtues which belong to an age in which success in arms was the chief, if not the only, distinction. Rash, obstinate, proud, superstitious, he was equally unfitted to make his people happy by wise laws, by a righteous administration of justice, or by the cultivation of sound knowledge. He lived just at the moment when the world could admire his brilliant qualities, and be blind to his defects. Had he come a century later, he would have found men's minds averse to feudal projects of conquest, by the spread of intelligence produced by the invention of printing; whilst, from the general application of gunpowder to military affairs, he would have seen that warfare was a matter of calculation, in which personal prowess was only one of many instruments. If the use of artillery had been completely established in 1415, Henry V. would not have dared to advance into France at all; as little would he have thought of cutting his way through an army of sixty thousand men, with his eight thousand sick followers. He unquestionably would not, by any combination of fortunate circumstances, have been enabled with this force to butcher his harnessed enemies like sheep pent up in narrow walls. He won the great battle of Agincourt by the complete ignorance of the French commanders of the art of war; by his own superior skill, or good fortune, in seizing upon a favourable position; by the very desperation of his condition; and by the fearless strength of the English infantry, who there fought almost all without armour, many without clothes, against large masses of unwieldy cavalry weighed down by their enormous mail, and at once unable either to fight or to fly. Is it in this point of view that the battle of Agincourt is particularly curious. The use of heavy armour was from that day exploded in Europe. In less than a century the bow had given place to the firelock; and war from that time become a matter of strategy, and a contest not of the soundness of cuirasses, but of the strength of the arm; of the ability to receive a destructive fire with steadiness; to stand against a charge; or to march onwards with the deadly lance or bayonet in rest, sweeping away opposing ranks with same resistless courage that made the half-naked 'billmen' of Agincourt so superior to the mailed legions who fell by thousands in their useless panoply.

The claim of Henry V. to the crown of France appears to have been set up without the shadow of justice. He demanded the throne as the heir of Isabella, wife of Edward II., and daughter of Philip IV. His pretensions were more absurd than those of Edward III., for at that time the Earl of March was the direct heir of Isabella. The concessions which Henry required from France, for the renunciation of his title, were certainly most extravagant. He was, perhaps anxious that they should be refused. He was of a restless and enthusiastic nature; and his element was war. During the year 1414, and till the time of Henry's invasion in 1415, negotiations were carried on with the French court. Henry would not listen to the terms proposed; it is said he had a personal insult to avenge upon the Dauphin of France; he even challenged him to single combat. Two letters addressed to the King of France, by Henry on the subject of his claims, are given by Mr. Nicolas; they are very characteristic of the man and of the times. However, the King of England, in council at Westminster, on the 17th of April, 1415, determined on the expedition to France, arranged for the safety of the realm during his absence, and settled on the wages of his army. Every exertion was used to provide the necessary stores and attendants for the expedition, and ships were taken up for transport. Most of the fighting men engaged required the advance of a quarter's wages; the parliamentary supply was insufficient for this purpose; and Henry, therefore, not only obtained sums of his subjects by proclamation, but actually pawned many of the crown jewels to raise the necessary supplies. Here is a singular evidence of the enthusiasm with which the King engaged in his ambitious enterprise. It has been estimated that Henry, by these various expedients, raised the sum of 500,000 nobles.

The King left London on the 18th of June, with great state. He proceeded to Winchester, where he received an embassy from France, with new terms. These were again refused by Henry, with unyielding pertinacity. The King afterwards went to Southampton. During his stay there, the conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge and Lord Scrope, for the overthrow of his government, was detected, and the principal conspirators were executed before the King quitted the English shores. The invading army re-assembled in the neighbourhood of Southampton. Its aggregate number is matter of great doubt, from the contradictions of the old chroniclers: it may be estimated, including the followers of the men-at-arms, at 30,000.

Mr Nicolas has, with the most commendable industry, collected together the narratives of every contemporary historian, from the time of the departure of the English army to its achievement of the battle of Agincourt. it is difficult, in a short space, to crowd in many of the interesting facts which are here, for the first time, made known; but we shall endeavour to seize upon the most prominent occurrences.

The King embarked on board his ship the *Trinity*, on the 10th of August, between Portsmouth and Southampton. The fleet, consisting of more than a thousand vessels of various sizes, was under weigh on the 11th. The voyage had its good and evil presages; the former was the appearance of swans about the fleet; the latter was at once a presage of calamity and a calamity itself, the destruction of three large vessels by fire. The invading squadron entered the Seine on the 13th of August, three miles from Harfleur. The disembarkation took place on the next morning. It is remarkable that the landing of the army was entirely unresisted, although the place of disembarkation presented many natural and artificial obstacles. A proclamation was issued, forbidding, under pain of death, all excesses against the inhabitants; and it is to be noted with what honourable perseverance Henry enforced the uniform good treatment of the people through whose districts he passed, even under circumstances of the most dreadful privations. This merit is yielded to him by all the contemporary historians, whether English or French.

The siege of Harfleur was the first military undertaking of the invading monarch. The conduct of that enterprise was agreeable to the rules of war laid down by 'Master Giles,' the principal military authority of that period. The loss sustained by the besieging army was very great; and in a few days the English forces were visited by a frightful dysentery. Many of the most eminent leaders fell before its ravages. The town was surrendered on the 22nd of September, after a siege of thirty-six days. The inhabitants were treated with kindness; and the great prisoners and hostages with all honour. Henry in this, as in other circumstances, appears to have been a model of chivalrous equanimity. Immediately after the capture of Harfleur, the king of England sent his challenge to personal combat to the Dauphin of France. The loss which the English army sustained, during the thirty-six days subsequent to its landing, would be almost incredible, if its accuracy were not supported by every conflicting testimony. It appears, that if Henry landed with thirty thousand men, more than two-thirds must, during the short period of the siege, have been slain, have died of disease, or have been sent back to England as incapable of proceeding. The English army, when it quitted Harfleur, did not amount to much more than eight thousand fighting men.

It was decided in the council of the King of England, that the invading army should re-embark for their native shores. The pertinacity of Henry, (amounting, it would have been thought, to judicial blindness, if his wonderful success had not covered his determination with a false splendour,) resolved that instead of going on board the ships which lay ready to receive them, the army should march to Calais. There was a chivalrous hardihood in the resolve, which almost entirely covers its rashness. His trust, said the King, was in God; he was resolved to see the territories which were his own; he would not subject himself to the reproach of cowardice. 'Our mind,' said he, 'is prepared to encounter every peril, rather than they shall be able to breathe the slightest reproach against your king. We will go, if it pleases God without harm or danger, and if they disturb our journey, we will frustrate their intentions with honour, victory, and triumph.'

The army commenced its perilous march about the 8th of October, carrying provisions for eight days. The King's proclamation, forbidding plunder under pain of death, was renewed. The supineness of the French

Government was suddenly extinguished by the daring character of Henry's march. The oriflamme was hoisted,—for the last time. Princes, and knights, and esquires, and men-at-arms rushed to the sacred standard; and an army of enormous numbers, and of the most complete equipments, was collected to annihilate this band of desperate invaders. The passage of the Somme presented an almost insuperable difficulty to Henry. At Abbeville, and other places, the bridges were broken down; an enemy constantly appeared on the opposite banks, the provisions of the English were nearly exhausted. He at length crossed the river, over a temporary bridge, on the 19th of October, at a place called Nesle. The passage is described with great minuteness by the chroniclers. On the 20th, three heralds arrived from the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, to acquaint the King of their resolution to fight him before he reached Calais. Henry replied, 'All would be done according to the will of God. He did not seek them, but the fear of them would not induce him to move out of his way.' The King continued his march, with great regularity, till the 24th, when the French army was descried, in 'such prodigious numbers, that many of the English fell on their knees, and implored the Almighty to take them under his protection.' It was then that the celebrated scene occurred, which is so spiritedly given by our Shakspeare. Walter Hungerford was regretting, in the King's presence, he had not, in addition to the small retinue which he had there, ten thousand of the best English archers; when Henry said, "Thou speakest foolishly, for by the God of Heaven, on whose grace I have relied, and in whom I have a firm hope of victory, I would not, even if I could increase my number by one.' Shakspeare had the anecdote from Hollingshed. The fidelity of the poet's descriptions is very remarkable, when they are compared with these contemporary narratives. The night was passed by either army as the great dramatist has described; by the French, in gambling and debauchery,—by the English, in prayer and preparation. The quarters of Henry, on the night preceding the battle, were at Maisoncelles. He spent the intervening hours in obtaining accurate reports of his position, and of that of the enemy.

The French army, upon an average of the conflicting testimonies, must have amounted to more than 60,000 men. These forces, on the morning of the 25th, were arrayed in three lines, on the plain of Agincourt, through which the route to Calais lay. The fighting men of France wore 'long coats of steel, reaching to their knees, which were very heavy; below these was armour for their legs; and above, white harness, and bacinets with camails.' They were drawn up between two woods in a space wholly inadequate for the movements of such an immense body; and the ground was soft from heavy rains. It was with the utmost difficulty they could stand, or lift their weapons. The horses at every step sunk into the mud. Henry formed his little band in one line, the archers being posted between the wings, in the form of a wedge, with sharp stakes fixed before them. The King, habited in his 'cote d'armes,' mounted a small gray horse; but he subsequently fought on foot. He addressed his troops with his usual spirit. Each army remained inactive for some hours. A truce was at length proposed by the French. The reply of Henry, before an army ten times as great as his own, differed little from the terms he had offered in his own capital. Towards the middle of the day, the order was given to the English to advance, by Henry crying aloud, 'Advance Banners.' Sir Thomas de Erpyngham, the commander of the archers, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming, 'Now strike! The English immediately prostrated themselves to the ground, beseeching the protection of Heaven, and proceeded in three lines on the French army. The archers of Henry soon put the French cavalry in disorder; and the whole army rushing on, with the national huzza, the archers threw aside their bows, slew all before them with their bill-hooks and hatchets. The immense numbers of the French proved their ruin. The battle soon became slaughter; and the harnessed knights, almost incapable of moving, were hacked to pieces by the English archers, 'who were habited in jackets, and had their hoben loose, with hatchets or swords hanging from their girdles, whilst many were barefooted and without hats.' The battle lasted about three hours. The English 'stood on the heaps of corpses, which exceeded a man's height.' The French, indeed, fell almost passive, in their lines. Henry, at one period of the battle, issued an order for the slaughter of his prisoners. Even the French writers justify this horrible circumstance as an act of self-preservation. The total loss of the French was about ten thousand slain on the field; that of the English appears to have been about twelve hundred. Most of the dead were afterwards buried in enormous trenches.

The English King conducted himself with his accustomed dignity to his many illustrious prisoners. The victorious army marched to Calais in fine order, and embarked for England, without any attempt to follow up their almost miraculous triumph. Henry reached Calais on the 29th of October, and on the 17th of November landed at Dover. He entered London, amidst the most expensive pageantry of the citizens, contrasting with the studied simplicity of his own retinue and demeanour, on Saturday the 24th of November.

We have thus hastily embodied the substance of the researches of Mr. Nicolas. His work is most diligently executed; and future historians will be under infinite obligations to his useful and curious labours.

YOUTH AND AGE.

The following beautiful lines, by Mr. Coleridge, are from the *Literary Souvenir* for 1828, by Alaric A. Watts. So long as Mr. Coleridge possesses this sportive vein of poetry, he may well be pardoned for believing, in spite of bodily hints to the contrary, that "youth and he are house-mates still."

YOUTH AND AGE.—By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung, feeding like a bee;
Both were mine, Life went a maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy.
When I was young.

When I was young—ah! woeful when—
Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then;
This breathing house, not built with hands,
This body, that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along.
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide,
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together:
Flowers are lovely—love is flower-like
Friendship is a sheltering tree
O! the joys that came down shower-like,
Of friendship, love, and liberty.
Ere I was old.

Ere I was old; ah! mournful ere,
Which tells me, youth's no longer here.
O youth, for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one—
I'll think it but a fond conceit;
It cannot be that thou art gone;
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou went, aye, a masker bold—
What strange disguise has now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone.
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes.
Life is but thought, so think I will,
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

MEMOIRS *of* LORD LIVERPOOL—8vo. pp. 649.

There have been few Statesmen whose general conduct throughout their political life will bear so strict an investigation as that of Lord Liverpool, and we commend the taste which has thus brought collectively under view the whole of his public acts, since, in surveying them, nothing will be found to weaken, but every thing to confirm, the high opinion which has always existed of his merits and character. Without being possessed of brilliant talents, his upright conduct and the integrity of his views during the time he was in a public situation, rendered him respected by men of all parties, while his conciliating and amiable disposition not only ensured the attachment of his own friends, but operated also to calm or appease the animosities of others. In the present Memoir we find no allusion whatever to his private life, but a well-connected historical account of all the principal transactions and Parliamentary measures in which Lord Liverpool took a part, from the time when he first obtained a seat in the House of Commons in 1790, to the occurrence of that sudden misfortune which has so lately deprived the Nation of his valuable services. A large portion of the Work is of course devoted to extracts from his numerous Speeches, which, however, are always appropriately chosen, and possess considerable interest. We subjoin a part of the able and creditable communication made by him to M. Otto in 1802, in reply to the representations of Bonaparte, respecting the freedom of the British press:—

While France was every month adding to her influence or actual domination over the States of the Continent, the First Consul endeavoured to divert the attention of the British Ministers from his plans, by complaints of the British press. He sent instructions to M. Otto, and afterwards to the French Ambassador, General Andreossi, to remonstrate with the Government upon the remarks of the public writers on his character and conduct; affecting to be totally ignorant of the little redress any Ministers of this country could obtain for him in such a case.

Lord Hawkesbury is admitted by all parties to have ably vindicated the public character and liberties of his country, in the correspondence that ensued. This correspondence became voluminous; but an extract from his Lordship's reply, through Mr. Merry, to an official note of M. Otto's dated August 28th, 1802, will show the chief topics in discussion, and Lord Hawkesbury's able manner of treating them.

FROM LORD HAWKESBURY TO MR. MERRY.
Dated August 28, 1802.

"The propositions in M. Otto's official note, are six in number; but may, in fact, be divided under two heads: the first, that which relates to the libels of all descriptions which are alleged to be published against the French Government; the last, comprehending the five complaints which relate to the emigrants resident in this country. On the first, I am sure you must be aware that his Majesty cannot, and never will, in consequence of any representation or any menace from a foreign power, make any concession which can be in the smallest degree dangerous to the liberty of the press, as secured by the constitution of this country. This liberty is justly dear to every British subject. The constitution admits of no previous restraints upon publications of any description; but there exist judicatures, wholly independent of the Executive Government, capable of taking cognizance of such publications as the law deems to be criminal, and which are bound to inflict the punishment the delinquents may deserve: these judicatures may take cognizance, not only of libels against the Government and the magistracy of this kingdom, but, as has been repeatedly experienced, of publications defamatory of those in whose hands the administration of foreign Governments is placed. Our Government neither has, nor wants any other protection *than what the laws of the country afford*; and though they are willing and ready to give to every foreign Government all the protection against offences of this nature, which the principle of the laws and constitution will admit, they never can consent to new model laws, or to change the constitution, to gratify the wishes of any foreign power. If the present French Government are dissatisfied with our laws on the subject of libels, or entertain the opinion that the administration of justice in our Courts is too tardy and lenient, they have it in their power to redress themselves by punishing the venders and distributors of such publications within their own territories, in any manner that they may think proper, and thereby preventing the circulation of them. If they think their present laws are not sufficient for this purpose, they may enact new ones; or, if they think it expedient, they may exercise the right which they have of prohibiting the importation of any foreign newspapers, or periodical publications, into the territories of the French Republic. His Majesty will not complain of such a measure, as it is not his intention to interfere in the manner in which the people or territories of France should be governed; but he expects, on the other hand, that the French Government will not interfere in the manner in which the Government of his dominions is conducted, or call for a change in those laws with which his people are perfectly satisfied."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for Nov.

THE EVENING HYMN OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.

"Der lieben feuer stunde schlecht."

The hour of soft repose is near,
Its loved tones steal upon the ear
With sweetly soothing sound;
Again from care and toil we're free!
Come, let us to the sunset tree,
With light and joyous bound.

Come, let us to its pleasant shade,
And couch us on the mossy glade
Where many a wild flower blows.
How sweet, how dear is labour's rest!
How pure, how exquisite its zest!
How calm the hind's repose!

They who recline on beds of down,
And rest from toil have never known,
Our pity only share:
Fatigued with ease, their languid powers
Feel not the charm of sleep like ours,
They wake alone to care.

Sweet is the hour of our repose
When day has smiled its farewell close,
And sweet the Sabbath's rest!
But sweeter far that soothing balm,
That lengthen'd Sabbath's promised calm,
In mansions of the blest!

There in our heavenly Father's sight,
Released from toil, of burdens light
We shall true rest enjoy:
There shall we faint not, feel no pain;
There sorrow, sin, assail in vain,
And bliss shall never cloy!

L. J.

WHY THE HEROES OF ROMANCES ARE INSIPID.

Because it is taken for granted that they must be amiable and interesting, in the first instance, and like other things that are taken for granted, is but indifferently, or indeed cannot be made out at all in the sequel. To put it to the proof, to give illustrations of it, would be to throw a doubt upon the question. They have only to show themselves to ensure conquest. Indeed, the reputation of their victories goes before them, and is a pledge of their success before they even appear. They are, or are supposed to be so amiable, so handsome, so accomplished, so captivating, that all hearts bow before them, and all the women are in love with them without knowing why or wherefore, except that it is understood they are to be so. All obstacles vanish without a finger lifted or a word spoken, and the effect is produced without a blow being struck. When there is this imaginary charm at work, every thing they could do or say must weaken the impression, like arguments brought in favour of a self-evident truth: they therefore very wisely say or do little or nothing, rely on their names and the author's good word, look, smile, and are adored; but to all but the heroines of romance and their confidantes, are exceedingly uninteresting and *common-place* personages, either great coxcombs or wonderfully insipid. When a lover is able to look unutterable things which produce the desired effect, what occasion for him to exert his eloquence or make an impassioned speech in order to bring about a revolution in his favour, which is already accomplished by other less doubtful means? When the impression at first sight is complete and irresistible, why throw away any further thoughts or words to make it more so? This were "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to smooth the ice, to throw a perfume on the violet, or add another hue unto the rainbow, or seek with taper-light the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish," which has been pronounced to be "wasteful and superfluous excess." Authors and novel-writers therefore reserve for their second-rate and less prominent characters, the artillery of words, the arts of persuasion, and all the unavailing battery of hopeless attentions and fine sentiment, which are of no use to the more accomplished gallant, who makes his triumphant approaches by stolen glances and breathing sighs and whose appearance alone supersedes the disclosure of all his other implied perfections and an importunate display of a long list of titles to the favour of the fair, which as they are not insisted on, it would be vain and unbecoming to produce to the gaze of the world, or for the edification of the curious reader. It is quite enough if the lady is satisfied with her choice, and if (as generally happens both as a cause and consequence in such cases) the gentleman is satisfied with himself. If he indeed seemed to entertain a doubt upon the subject, the spell of his fascination would be broken, and the author would be obliged to derogate from the *beau-ideal* of his character, and make him do something to deserve the good opinion that might be entertained of him, and to which he himself had not led the way by boundless self-complacency and the conscious assurance of infallible success.

Another circumstance that keeps our novel-heroes in the background is, that if there was any doubt of their success, or they were obliged to employ the ordinary and vulgar means to establish their superiority over every one else, they would be no longer those "faultless monsters" which it is understood that they must be to fill their part in the drama. The discarded or despairing, not the favoured lovers, are unavoidably the most interesting persons in the story. In fact, the principals are already disposed of in the first page; they are destined for each other by an unaccountable and uncontrollable sympathy: the ceremony is in a manner over, and they are already married people, with all the lawful attributes and indifference belonging to the character. To produce an interest, there must be mixed motives, alternate hope and fear, difficulties to struggle with, sacrifices to make; but the true hero of romance is too fine a gentleman to be subjected to this rude ordeal, or mortifying exposure, which devolves upon some much more unworthy and unpretending personage. The beauty of the outline must not be disturbed by the painful conflicts of passion or the strong contrast of light and shade. The taste of the heroic cannot swerve for a moment from the object of its previous choice, who must never be placed in disadvantageous circumstances. The top characters occupy a certain prescriptive rank in the world of romance, by the rules of etiquette and laws of this sort of fictitious composition, reign like princes, and have only to do nothing to forfeit their privileges or compromise their supposed dignity.

The heroes of the old romance, the Grand Cyruses, the Artamenes, and Oroondates, are in this respect better than the moderns. They had their steel helmet and plume of feathers, the glittering spear and shield, the barbed steed, and the spread banner, and had knightly service to perform in joust and tournament, in the field of battle or the deep forest, besides the duty which they owed to their "mistress' eyebrow," and the favours they received at her hands. They were comparatively picturesque and adventurous personages, and men of action in the tented field, and lost all title to the smile of beauty if they did not deserve it by feats of prowess, and by the valour of their arms. However insipid they might be as accepted lovers, in their set speeches and impregressive languishments by which they paid their court to their hearts' idols, the "fairest of the fair," yet in their character of warriors and heroes, they were men of mettle and had something in them. They did not merely sigh and smile and kneel in the presence of their mistresses—they had to unhorse their adversaries in combat, to storm castles, to vanquish giants, and lead armies. So far, so well. In the good old times of chivalry and romance favour was won and maintained by the bold achievements and fair fame of the chosen knight which keeps up a show of suspense and of dramatic interest, instead of depending, as in more effeminate times, on taste, sympathy, and a refinement of sentiment and manners, of the delicacy of which it is impossible to convey any idea by words or actions. Even in the pompous and effected courtship of the romances of the seventeenth century (now, alas! exploded) the interviews between the lovers are so rare and guarded, their union, though agreed upon and inevitable, is so remote, the smile with which the lady regards her sworn champion, though as steady as that of one of the fixed stars is like them so cold, as to give a tone of passion and interest to their enamoured flights, as though they were affected by the chances and changes of sublunary affairs. I confess I have read some of these fabulous folios formerly with so small degree of delight and breathless anxiety, particularly that of "Cassandra;" and would willingly indeed go over it again to catch even a faint, a momentary glimpse of the pleasure with which I used at one period to peruse its prolix descriptions and high-flown, sentiments. Not only the Palmerins of England and Amadises of Gaul, who made their way to their mistresses' hearts by slaying giants and taming dragons, but heroes of the French romances of intrigue and gallantry which succeeded these of necromancy and chivalry, and where the adventurers for the prize have to break through the fences of morality and scruples of conscience instead of stone-walls and enchantments dire, are to be excepted from the censure of downright insipidity which attaches to these ordinary drawing-room heroes, who are installed in the good graces of their Divinities by a look, and keep their places there by the force of *still life!* It is Gray who cries out, "Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!" I could say the same of those of Madame La

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Fayette and the Duke de la Rochefoucault. "The Princess of Cleves" is a most charming work of this kind; and the Duke de Nemours is a great favourite with me. He is perhaps the most brilliant personage that ever entered upon the *tapis* of a drawing-room, or trifled at a lady's toilette.

I prefer him, I own, vastly to Richardson's Sir Charles Grandison, whom I look upon as the prince of coxcombs; and so much the more impertinent as he is a moral one. His character appears to me "ugly all over with affectation." There is not a single thing that Sir Charles Grandison does or says all through the book from liking to any person or object but himself, and with a view to answer to a certain standard of perfection for which he pragmatically sets up. He is always thinking of himself, and trying to show that he is the wisest happiest and most virtuous person in the whole world. He is (or would be thought) a code of Christian ethics; a compilation and abstract of all gentlemanly accomplishments. There is nothing, I conceive, that excites so little sympathy as this inordinate egotism; or so much disgust as this everlasting self-complacency. Yet his self-admiration, brought forward on every occasion as the incentive to every action and reflected from all around him, is the burden and pivot of the story. "Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?"—is what he and all other persons concerned are continually repeating to themselves. His preference of the little, insignificant, selfish, affected, puritanical Miss Byron, who is remarkable for nothing but her conceit of herself and her lover, to the noble Clementina, must for ever stamp him for the poltroon and blockhead that he was. What a contrast between these two females—the one, the favourite heroine, settling her idle punctilios and the choice of her ribbons for the wedding-day with equal interest, the other, self-devoted, broken-hearted, generous, disinterested, pouring out her whole soul in the fervent expressions and dying struggles of an unfortunate and hopeless affection! It was impossible indeed for the genius of the author (strive all he could) to put the prettinesses and coquetish scruples of the bride-elect upon a par with eloquent despair and impassioned sentiments of her majestic but unsuccessful rival. Nothing can show more clearly that the height of good fortune and of that conventional faultlessness which is supposed to secure it, is incompatible with any great degree of interest. Lady Clementina should have been married to Sir Charles to surfeit her of a coxcomb—Miss Byron to Lovelace to plague her with a rake! Have we not sometimes seen such matches? A slashing critic of my acquaintance once observed, that "Richardson would be surprised in the next world to find Lovelace in Heaven and Grandison in Hell!" Without going this orthodox length, I must say there is something in Lovelace's vices more attractive than in the other's best virtues. Clarissa's attachment seems as natural as Clementina's is romantic. There is a *regality* about Lovelace's manner, and he appears clothed in a panoply of wit, gaiety, spirit, and enterprise, that is criticism-proof. If he had not possessed these dazzling qualities, nothing could have made us forgive for an instant his treatment of the spotless Clarissa; but indeed they might be said to be mutually attracted to and extinguished in each other's dazzling lustre! When we think of Lovelace and his luckless exploits, we can hardly be persuaded at this time of day that he wore a wig. Yet that he did so, is evident, for Miss Howe when she gave him that spirited box on the ear, struck the powder out of it! Mr. B. in "Pamela" has all the insipidity that arises from patronizing beauty and condescending to virtue. Pamela herself is delightfully made out; but she labours under considerable disadvantages, and is far from a *regular* heroine.

Sterne (thank Good!) has neither hero nor heroine, and he does very well without them.

Many people find fault with Fielding's Tom Jones as gross and immoral. For my part, I have doubts of his being so very handsome from the author's always talking about his beauty, and I suspect he was a clown, from being constantly assured he was so very genteel. Otherwise, I think Jones acquits himself very well both in his actions and speeches, as a lover and as a *trencher-man* whenever he is called upon. Some persons, from their antipathy to that headlong impulse, of which Jones was the slave, and to that morality of good-nature which in him is made a foil to principle, have gone so far as to prefer Bifil as the *prettier fellow* of the two. I certainly cannot subscribe to this opinion, which perhaps was never meant to have followers, and has nothing but its singularity to recommend it. Joseph Andrews is a hero of the shoulder-knot; it would be hard to canvass his pretensions too severely, especially considering what a patron he has in Parson Adams. That one character would cut up into a hundred fine gentlemen and novel-heroes! Booth is another of the good-natured tribe, a fine man, a very fine man! But there is a want of spirit to animate the well-meaning mass. He hardly deserved to have the hushed mutton kept waiting for him. The author has redeemed himself in Amelia; but a heroine with a *broken nose* and who was a married woman besides, must be rendered truly interesting and amiable to make up for superficial objections. The character of the Noble Peer in this novel is *not* insipid. If Fielding could have made virtue as admirable as he could make vice detestable, he would have been a greater master even than he was. I do not understand what those critics mean who say he got all his characters out of alehouses. It is true he did some of them.

Smollett's heroes are neither one thing nor the other; neither very refined nor very insipid. Wilson in Humphrey Clinker comes the nearest to the *beau-ideal* of this character, the favourite of the novel reading and boarding-school girl. Narcissa and Emilian Gauntlet are very charming girls; and Monimia in Count Fathom is a fine monumental beauty. But perhaps he must be allowed to be most *at home* in Winifred Jenkins!

The women have taken this matter up in our own time: let us see what they have made of it. Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes and lovers are perfect in their kind; nobody can find any fault with them, for nobody knows any thing about them. They are described as very handsome, and quite unmeaning and inoffensive.

"Her heroes have no character at all."

Theodore, Valancourt,—what delightful names! and there is nothing else to distinguish them by. Perhaps, however, this indefiniteness is an advantage. We add expression to the inanimate outline, and fill up the blank with all that is amiable, interesting, and romantic. A long ride without a word spoken, a meeting that comes to nothing, a parting look, a moonlight scene, or evening skies that paint their sentiments for them better than the lovers can do for themselves, farewells too full of anguish, deliverances too big with joy to admit of words, suppressed sighs, faint smiles, the freshness of the morning, pale melancholy, the clash of swords, the clank of chains that make the fair one's heart sink within her, these are the chief means by which the admired authoress of "The Romance of the Forest" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho" keeps alive an ambiguous interest in the bosom of her fastidious readers, and elevates the lover into the hero of fable. Unintelligible distinctions, impossible attempts, a delicacy that shrinks from the most trifling objection, and an enthusiasm that rushes on its fate, such are the charming and teazing contradictions that form the flimsy texture of a modern romance! If the lover in such critical cases was any thing but a lover, he would cease to be the most amiable of all characters in the abstract and by way of excellence, and would be a traitor to the cause; to give reasons or to descend to particulars, is to doubt the ommipotence of love and shake the empire of credulous fancy; a sounding name, a graceful form, are all that is necessary to suspend the whole train of tears, sighs, and the softest emotions upon; the ethereal nature of the passion requires ethereal food to sustain it; and our youthful hero, in order to be perfectly interesting, must be drawn as perfectly insipid!

I cannot, however, apply this charge to Mrs. Inchbald's heroes or her heroines. However finely drawn, they are an essence of sentiment. Their words are composed of the warmest breath, their tears scald, their sighs stifle. Her characters seem moulded of a softer clay, the work of fairest hands. Miss Milner is enchanting. Doroforth indeed is severe, and has a very stately opinion of himself, but he has spirit and passion. Lord Norwynne is the most unpleasant and obdurate. He seduces by his situation and kills by indifference, as natural in such cases. But still through all these the fascination of the writer's personal feelings never quits you. On the other hand, Miss Burney's (Madame D'Arblay's) *forte* is ridicule or an exquisite tact of minute absurdities, and when she aims at being fine, she only becomes affected. No one had ever much less of the romantic. Lord Orville is a condescending suit of clothes; yet certainly the sense which Evelina has of the honour done her is very prettily managed. Sir Clement Willoughby is a much gayer and more animated persons, though his wit outruns his discretion. Young Delville is the hero of punctilio—a perfect diplomatist in the art of love-making—and draws his parallels and sits down as deliberately before the citadel of his mistress's heart, as a cautious general lays siege to an impregnable fortress. Cecilia is not behind-hand with him in the game of studied cross-purposes and affected delays, and is almost the veriest and most provoking trifler on record. Miss Edgeworth, I believe, has no heroes. Her *trenchant* pen cuts away all extravagance and idle pretence, and leaves nothing but common sense, prudence and propriety behind it, wherever it comes.

I do not apprehend the heroes of the Author of Waverley form any very striking exception to the common rule. They conform to their designation and follow the general law of their being. They are for the most part very equivocal and undecided personages, who receive their governing impulse from accident, or are puppets in the hands of their mistresses, such as Waverley, Ivanhoe, Frank Osbaldistone, Henry Morton, &c. I do not say that any of these are absolutely insipid, but they have in themselves no leading or master-traits, and they are worked out of very listless and inert materials into a degree of force and prominence solely by the genius of the author. Instead of acting, they are acted upon, and keep in the background and in a neutral posture till they are absolutely forced to come forward, and it is then with a very amiable reservation of modest scruples. Does it not seem almost, or generally speaking, as if a character to be put in this responsible situation of candidate for the highest favour of the public at large, or of the fair in particular, who is to conciliate all suffrages and concentrate all interests, must really have nothing in him to please or give offence, that he must be left a negative, feeble character without untractable or uncompromising points, and with a few slight recommendation and obvious good qualities which every one may be supposed to improve upon and fill up according to his or her inclination or fancy and the model of perfection previously existing in the mind? It is a privilege claimed, no doubt, by the fair reader to make out the object of her admiration and interest according to her own choice; and the same privilege, if not openly claimed, may be covertly exercised by others. We are all fond of our own creations, and if the author does little to his chief character and allows us to have a considerable hand in it, it may not suffer in our opinion from this circumstance. In fact, the hero of the work is not so properly the chief object in it, as a sort of blank left open to the imagination or a lay-figure on which the reader disposes whatever drapery he pleases! Of all Sir Walter's characters the most dashing and spirited is the Sultan Saladin. But he is not meant for a hero, nor fated to be a lover. He is a collateral and incidental performer in the scene. His movements therefore remain free, and he is master of his own resplendent energies, which produces so much the more daring and felicitous an effect. So far from being intended to please all tastes or the most squeamish, he is not meant for any taste. He has no pretensions, and stands upon the sole ground of his own heroic acts and sayings. The author has none of the timidity or mawkishness arising from a fear of not coming up to his own professions or to the expectations excited in the reader's mind. Any striking traits, any interesting exploit is more than was bargained for—is heaped measure, running over. There is no idle nervous apprehension of falling short of perfection, arresting the hand or diverting the mind from truth and nature. If the Pagan is not represented as a monster and barbarian, all the rest is a god-send. Accordingly all is spontaneous, bold, and original in this beautiful and glowing design, which is as magnificent as it is magnanimous.—Lest I should forget it, I will mention while I am on the subject of Scotch novels, that Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" is not without interest, but it is an interest brought out in a very singular and unprecedented way. He not merely says or does nothing to deserve the approbation of the goddess of his idolatry, but from extreme shyness and sensitiveness, instead of presuming on his merits, gets out of her way, and only declares his passion on his death-bed. Poor Harley!—Mr. Godwin's Falkland is a very high and heroic character: he, however, is not a love-hero, and the only part in which an episode of this kind is introduced, is of the most trite and mawkish description. The case is different in St. Leon. The author's resuscitated hero there quaffs joy, love, and immortality with a considerable *gusto*, and with appropriate manifestations of triumph.

As to the heroes of the philosophical school of romance, such as Goethe's Werther, &c. they are evidently out of the pale of this reasoning. Instead of being common-place and insipid, they are one violent and startling paradox from beginning to end. Instead of being cast in stiff unmeaning mould, they "all germins spill at once" that make mere mortal men. They run a-tilt at all established usages and prejudices, and overset all the existing order of society. There is plenty of interest here; and instead of complaining of a calm, we are borne along by a hurricane of passion and eloquence, certainly without any thing of "temperance that may give it smoothness." Schiller's Moor, Kotzebue's heroes and all the other German prodigies, are of this stamp.

Shakspeare's lovers and Boccacio's I like much they seem to me full of tenderness and manly spirit, and free from insipidity and cant. Otway's Jaffier is however, the true woman's man—full of passion and effeminacy, a mixture of strength and weakness. Perhaps what I have said above may suggest the true reason and apology for Milton's having unwittingly made Satan the hero of "Paradise Lost." He suffers infinite losses, and makes the most desperate efforts to recover or avenge them; and it is the struggle with fate and the privation of happiness that sharpens our desires, or enhances our sympathy with good or evil. We have little interest in unalterable felicity, nor can we join with heart and soul in the endless symphonies and exulting hallelujahs of the spirits of the blest. The remorse of a fallen spirit or "tears such as angels shed" touch us more nearly.

CONFLAGRATION AT ABO.

EXTRACT FROM THE ST. PETERSBURGH JOURNAL OF THE 20TH SEPTEMBER (OCT. 2.)

"It was on Tuesday, the 23d of August, (4th of September), at nine o'clock in the evening, that the dreadful fire broke out at Abo, in the house of Mr. Hellman, situate in the Auingaïs-street. It happened through the negligence of his servants, who, during his absence, were occupied in melting tallow, and the great quantity of inflammable matter with which the court-yard was filled, gave vigour to the devouring element, so that it quickly communicated to the neighbourhood. From the eminence of Auingaïs, which commands several parts of the town, and which was only covered by a few small wooden houses, the flames, carried by a violent wind, spread all along the adjacent streets, communicated to the opposite side of the river to the house of Professor Hallstrom, and to the steeple of the Cathedral, afterwards to the house of the university, and successively to several other points. The scaffolding which surrounded this church, the roof of which had lately been covered with copper, caught fire in an instant, and the firebrands that spread around set fire to the adjoining wooden houses, from which it penetrated through the windows in the library of the University.

"In the space of a few hours this dreadful element, bidding defiance to all human efforts, had communicated to the whole town. Thousands of individuals, reduced to the most poignant state of despair, exerted themselves in vain to put a stop to this general devastation; terror was brought to its height when, in a few minutes, the fire attacked the only bridge which joined the two parts of the town. The fire lasted till Thursday the 25th of August (6th of Sept.), and to form an idea of its violence it need only be stated that burning papers were carried a distance [illegible] from the town. As far as it has yet been ascertained 14 persons have perished on this melancholy occasion, and 780 houses have been reduced to ashes, exclusive of the Lutheran Church, the University, the Court-house, the Hofgericht, with part of its archives, the house of the Judge of the Governor, of the magistrates, the Town-hall, the Custom-house, the School of the Cathedral, and all the shops, &c.

"The old Cathedral of St. Henry, a venerable monument, of which Finland justly boasted these 700 years, is now nothing but an imposing ruin. The elevated spire of the steeple fell in with the clock and the bells. Of the magnificent organ which adorned the nave, not a vestige is left. The fire even penetrated to the tombs, of which a few only have been preserved. The vestry, as well as the sacred vessels it contained, and the school-room of the Cathedral, which served as a Greco-Russian chapel, are the only things which remain.

"At the University, the library, which consisted of 40,000 volumes, among which was a collection of works of Jurisprudence by the celebrated Professor Chaubold of Leipsic, and which possessed besides a great number of manuscripts and busts, has been totally consumed, as well as the museum, the cabinet of medals, a collection of physical and surgical instruments, the printing-office, the apothecaries' hall, the green-house, and the buildings belonging to the botanical garden. The hall in which the solemn assemblies were held has been saved; it contained the bust in bronze, of his late Imperial Majesty Alexander, of glorious memory, a generous protector of the University, and basso-relievos representing the principal epochas of the history of this learned assembly; another bust of marble of his present Imperial Majesty; a third one, also of marble, representing Queen Christina, foundress of the University; a part of the archives, the cash box, and some other objects of minor importance, have also been saved. The other buildings attached to the University which have escaped the fire, are the Clinical Institute and the Observatory, situate on the summit of the Wuortberg; but the firebrands reached even to this elevated point, and the panes of glass were so heated, that it was impossible to touch them with the hand.

"From this eminence the city now only presents to the view of the observer a vast field of ruins: an awful forest of chimnies is all that remains of a city which not long since was animated by the industry and activity of 14,000 inhabitants, of which 11,000 are now without an asylum!

"The express, which had been sent off during the fire, had hardly arrived at Helsingfors before the Councillors of State, Senator Falk, was despatched to Abo, in order to devise the best and most urgent means to alleviate the suffering of the victims of this sad disaster. His Excellency the Governor-General, General Zakrewsky, immediately repaired to the spot, and took the most efficacious measures to restore orders, and to tranquillize and assist the inhabitants: he ordered the military stores to be thrown open, and caused a temporary bridge to be constructed across the Aura, which was completed in 24 hours. All the local authorities were provided with lodgings, as good as the circumstances would allow, and renewed immediately their functions. The first time the faithful were assembled after the fire to offer their prayers to the Almighty, divine service was performed in the open air: a suitable place has already been fixed upon for this purpose. The Russian troops, which formed the garrison of Abo, distinguished themselves upon this melancholy occasion by their perfect discipline and by their anxiety to render every assistance to the inhabitants, who anxiously do justice to the exemplary conduct of a great number of military of every rank.

"On the receipt of the report from the Governor-General, his Majesty the Emperor despatched the Count Rehbinder, from St. Petersburgh, Secretary of State of the Grand Duchy of Finland, granting him the sum of 100,000 rubles, to be divided provisionally amongst the most necessitous of the inhabitants, and authorizing him to distribute among the lower classes the provisions belonging to the Crown in Finland. This liberal gift on the part of His Imperial Majesty has immediately been handed over to the committee which has been formed to grant relief to the victims of the fire. By the care of this committee, all those who were houseless are lodged and fed, and to those who can work, means have been devised to subsist by their industry. The committee is also charged with distributing donations in money, which arrive already from other parts, as well as provisions, clothing, and beds, which several of the seaports in the gulfs of Finland and Bothnia are sending by sea, and of which some are already arrived."—*The Times October 30.*

By the death of the Earl of PEMBROKE, his son, Lord HERBERT, who has for some years resided on the Continent, succeeds to the title. The present Lord PEMBROKE married, at Palermo, in 1814, OCTAVIA, Princess Dowager of Rubari, a Sicilian principality, contrary to the wishes of his father, who, on hearing of the connexion, posted to Sicily, in the hope of preventing the ceremony, but he arrived too late. Lord PEMBROKE, however, had the address to effect a separation; and on his return to London, proceedings were instituted in the Ecclesiastical Court, with a view of procuring a divorce. After the hearing and rehearing of the cause by Lord STOWELL, an elaborate judgment confirmed the marriage. The parties, however, agreed to seperate; and after the late EARL had settled a considerable [illegible] upon his daughter-in-law, she returned to Palermo, accompanied by her brother, a Sicilian Duke, where she has resided ever since, apart from her husband.

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